

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 807

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A NEW KIND OF LIGHT

See
Page
Ten

WORK GUARANTEED

A SHOWER OF £10 NOTES

C.N. Readers Take Ten Men
Off Unemployment Pay

THE CASTLE HEDINGHAM WAY

It is a month or two since the C.N. printed a guarantee which seemed to it like a bugle call to a world sick of wondering what to do.

It was the guarantee of the Rover Scout Camp at Castle Hedingham that *For every Ten Pounds received it would guarantee to take a man off the unemployment roll, train him, and find him work.*

Our readers at once sent us £65, with which six men were guaranteed a training and a future. We thanked our readers on behalf of the Rover Scout Camp for making six men happy.

Thereupon a reader sent us another Ten Pounds, making Seven Men.

We thanked our readers for making Seven Men happy, whereupon

Another reader sent us another Ten Pounds.

The Power of Example

It seemed like the locust and the grain of corn, and we thanked our readers once more, this time for making Eight Men happy.

Thereupon another reader sent us another Ten Pounds, and the C.N. was about to thank its readers for making Nine Men happy when

Another reader sent us another Ten Pounds.

There is still the odd three-quarters of a man provided for, for altogether the Rover Scout Camp has now received from our readers £107 10s. In all about 400 men have passed through the two Essex camps at Castle Hedingham and Quendon, and now two others have been started, one near Christchurch and one outside Cirencester.

How the Camps Are Run

The camps are run on Scout principles and turn out citizens physically and mentally equipped, and it is their business to take a man who is unemployed and train him as a chauffeur, a gardener, a handy man, or a cook, and so on, and put him into work. We guarantee that for every £10 we receive a man is taken off the unemployment roll. So the man is saved from idleness and waste, and so the State is saved his pay.

What an investment! What a way to solve this unemployment problem!

We have always liked the story of the locust and the grain of corn. The great barn was packed with corn, and first one locust came and took away a grain of corn, and then another locust came and took away another grain of corn, and then ...

But much more interesting to us are these Ten Pound Notes. First one reader sends a Ten Pound Note, and then another reader sends a Ten Pound Note, and then ...?

The End of the Holiday



Enjoying each sunny hour on the Cornish coast as the last day of the holiday draws nearer

LOST IN THE SEA BUT A SEE AGAIN

AFTER over 1000 years the Suffolk village of Dunwich has become the see of a bishop, Dr Maxwell Gumbleton, who has for three years been Assistant Bishop in the diocese, having been made Suffragan Bishop of Dunwich.

We hope he will use as his seal the design on one of those recovered with many other relics of the old foundation.

The old cathedral, the monasteries, the hospitals, and many other churches of the city of Dunwich have been swallowed up by the North Sea. Many alive at Dunwich today have watched its last medieval church fall, until today all that remains is a single buttress. In the fields behind it are walls of a Franciscan priory, probably doomed to the same fate.

It was from Dunwich that the Angles were converted to Christianity by the devoted labours of Felix, who had been consecrated their first bishop about the year 630.

Dunwich remained a see about 200 years, and in Norman days it was a

prosperous port and a far more important town than Ipswich. Domesday Book records the great encroachments of the sea, but gives the value of the town as £50 and 60,000 herrings. It supplied ships of war to Plantagenet kings and minted its own coinage. But by the beginning of the 14th century the seaport was given its deathblow by the action of the waves, though for another 500 years it sent two members to Parliament.

Though Dunwich can never become a thriving town again it is a happy idea to associate the new bishopric with that which gave Christianity to East Anglia.

PORTERS IN SILK

Japan is dealing out silk uniforms to 70,000 employees on her railways.

The object is to use up some 450 bales of silk which cannot be sold in the open market of the world in the usual way at the present time.

These silk uniforms are cheaper than those of wool or of serge.

IRELAND'S DISTRESS

SAD EFFECTS OF ECONOMIC WAR

How the People Pay For the
Policy of Hate

GOODS WITHOUT A MARKET

Ireland's distress, due to her economic war with England, has reached an acute and critical stage.

In six months of this year :

Free State exports to us were only £6,960,000, compared with £18,500,000 in 1930.

Free State imports from us were only £12,500,000, compared with £23,000,000 in 1930.

As the population of the Free State is only 2,900,000, or about 600,000 families, this great loss of trade has meant a desperate degree of impoverishment. It is always difficult to govern a discontented people, and we have now the spectacle of Irish troops and civic guards protecting the seizure of cattle by the authorities.

Loans To Buy Land

The cattle are taken for non-payment to the Free State Government of the Land Annuities. Those annuities were due, under Treaty, to the British Government, which advanced money to the Irish farmers at a very low rate of interest to enable them to buy their land from their landlords. These land loans were repayable by easy instalments, and it is these instalments (or annuities) which the Irish farmers now find it impossible to pay to their Government because the British Government has punished the Free State Government by imposing heavy duties on Free State produce and a quota on her most important export, cattle.

Unable to find a market for their goods the poor Irish farmers have demanded of them the very annuities which their Government declared not to be due to the British Government.

Crisis Approaching

There is difficulty, too, in the payment of local rates, and a crisis is approaching in the exchequers of the County Councils. Many of the councils have been paying their way by borrowing money from the banks, but this cannot continue.

Last year it was found impossible to collect more than £2,000,000 of the total of £3,149,000 levied in rates, a default which is twice as much as that for the previous year.

This year the position is even more serious, and many of the County Councils will find it impossible to make payment for home assistance, as relief for the poor is called in Ireland. A desperate situation would then arise, and the Government of the Free State would have to come to the aid of its people, if indeed it is not too late even now to remedy the conditions its obstinate policy has brought about.

DICTATOR NEWS ONE LESS IN THE WORLD

First Result of Brazil's New
Constitution

DECLARATION ON WAR

There is now one Dictator less in the world.

This good news has come from Brazil, where Senhor Vargas has been elected the first constitutional President of the Second Republic. For four years he has ruled as a Dictator, but a year ago elections took place and a National Assembly met to frame a new Constitution. Their task was completed this summer, and the old rights and liberties are restored. Senhor Vargas has been elected as a result.

The most important article in the new Constitution is one declaring that Brazil will make war only if recourse to arbitration has failed, and it will in no case undertake a war of aggression, either alone or in alliance with another nation.

Brazil For Brazilians

Another new feature reminds us of the Italian Corporate State idea. The industries and professions are to have representatives in the Chamber of Deputies, some from the Associations of Employers, some from those of the Employed.

The States of the Union are restricted in their freedom to tax exports, and are not allowed to borrow abroad without permission from the Senate.

Brazil for the Brazilians is the basis of the new Constitution, and there is a danger that its strong nationalist note will make for limitation of the State's economic activities in the larger world.

CASABIANCA

Brave Boy's Name For a
Submarine

THE ENGLISH LAD WHO TRIED TO SAVE HIM

One of the new French submarines is to be christened Casabianca.

M. Pietri, the Minister of Marine, is a Corsican and wishes to honour the memory of that little boy of Corsica who stood on the burning deck of the Orient and was blown up with that ship at the Battle of the Nile.

The little boy was the son of Captain Louis de Casabianca, and it is his surname which has been immortalised in Mrs Hemans's well-known poem. The boy was about 13 and his father had told him to stay at his post. Unaware that his father had been carried below wounded he refused to leave with his comrades when English boats arrived to bear the survivors from the burning ship to safety.

The midshipman who was sent to try to persuade the boy to leave became an admiral 60 years afterwards. He was Granville Proby, a lad of 17 at the time, and served on the Vanguard, Nelson's own ship. He was a lieutenant on board the Neptune when she fought at Trafalgar.

Proby succeeded to the Earldom of Carysfort a few years before his death in 1868, but he never forgot that heroic, if obstinate, French lad who refused to be persuaded by him to leave the burning ship.

Some of the timbers of the blown up ship are now at Greenwich, in the great seats of the Painted Hall.

FACING MONT BLANC

Last year we told of the great statue of Jesus which Switzerland was setting up on a hill facing Mont Blanc. Now comes the news that it has been finished and unveiled by the Bishop of Annecy.

The statue, 140 feet high, shows Christ with His arm raised in blessing.

LITTLE ADOLF'S TIN SOLDIERS

Nazis in the Museum

Not before it is time the Nazis have put Hitlerism in a museum.

It is only a tin museum, quite appropriate for the purpose, but Kulmbach will be a proud town when the 9000 tin figures representing the Nazi Congress at Nuremberg last year are added to its collection.

The spectacle, as glittering as tin can make it, will take in the Adolf Hitler Platz with the spectators crowding three sides of it, and Herr Hitler himself in his car in the middle. Storm troops, complete in every detail of clothing, equipment, and decoration (with all General Goering's uniforms, we hope), march past him, and Herr Hitler raises himself to his full height of one inch to take the salute.

Only one figure is missing—that of Captain Rohm, Chief of Staff, who next to the Fuhrer was the chief figure on that historic occasion. But Captain Rohm, as we know, perished on another historic occasion last June.

The big panorama is to be accompanied by groups of earlier scenes in the Nazi story. The tin museum is busy with Herr Hitler's revolt in Munich in 1923, and the coming of the Nazis into the Reichstag when the electors sent them there four years ago. Many tin figures have come and gone since then.

THE LIFE OF THE AIR PILOT

Flying Always Dangerous

Mr Kenneth Brown Collings, himself an air pilot, airport manager, and flying instructor, gives some striking figures obtained by the Actuarial Society of America.

The American commercial air pilots average 32 years. In normal occupations, men of that age die at the rate of 3 per 1000 per annum. The air pilots die at the rate of 25 per 1000. But the pilots fly only 800 hours a year on the average, so that a given hour spent as a commercial air pilot is about 88 times more likely to result in death than the same hour spent in a normal job on the Earth's surface.

These figures relate to passenger aeroplanes. For mail aeroplanes the risk was found to be 95 times the normal hazard.

The figures show that for the private flyer an hour in the air is 255 times as dangerous as an hour of work on land.

All this relates to the United States. What of other lands? Mr Collings tells us that data collected by the Actuarial Society of America show that Germany, Italy, and Holland give a rather more favourable record, but that British figures are more serious, while French figures are five times as high as American.

SOUTH AFRICA PAYS IN FULL

First Country To Redeem Its
War Debt

South Africa has paid all that she owes us as a war debt.

She is the first country in the world to free herself from this incubus, and by sending to this country the £8,000,000 owing she will save the annual interest of £370,000.

When this country stated that it would not require further payments from its debtors, as we are not paying America in full, South Africa was the only Dominion to continue payments. She was able to pay this large sum without borrowing as her most important export, gold, commanded a high premium over our paper currency.

For all that, her action is most generous, and the payment will be of great assistance to this country.

LOST EVERMORE TO THE SEA

An Old Age Pensioner
Passes By

THE FLYING OTAGO

A ship as famous in her peaceful way as the fighting Téméraire of Turner's picture has just made her mournful last voyage.

Sixty-three years ago this small sailing ship, the Otago, then in her youthful pride, sailed from Liverpool to New Zealand and astonished the world of seafaring men by making the voyage in 85 days. It was one among her many fine performances.

Captains were proud to command her. Joseph Conrad was one of them, and he was so fond of his old ship (for she was then no longer young) that he put her in his books, and she appears in his *Mirror of the Sea*.

Romance, Peril, and Toil

To sailormen she reflected all the romance, the peril, and the toil of the sea, and of toil she had plenty. When she might no longer sail, fleet-winged, over the Pacific and Atlantic her masts were cut down and she took humble occupation as a coal-hulk in Hobart, Tasmania.

In these last days the Otago was still one of the world's workers. But her 60-year-old sides grew seamed with exposure, and at last, when she was qualified for an old age pension, she seemed fit for nothing but to be broken up. That last indignity was spared her. The Otago was taken out to sea for the last time to be scuttled, and so "to be lost evermore in the main."

IDEA 100 YEARS OLD Biggest Block of Masonry in the World

HOLDING UP A RIVER TO
FEED A MILLION ACRES

One hundred years after it was planned by the young captain who became General Sir Arthur Cotton the Mettur Dam on the Cauvery River in Madras has now been completed.

Cotton's scheme was pigeon-holed for a less ambitious dam on the River Godavery, but in 1925 a start was made upon it, 26 years after his death.

The dam is one of the largest in India, feeding irrigation channels over an area of 1,300,000 acres, and providing water power for the production of electricity to serve a large area in Madras. It is over a mile long and encloses a reservoir 100 miles round with a capacity of 90,000 million cubic feet of water. It has been calculated that its masonry, the largest block in the world, weighs over 3,000,000 tons. The whole dam has cost £4,500,000.

It is one more monument to display to future generations of Indians how British rule and British industry have brought prosperity to their land; and it seems to us one more example of the energy we spend abroad which might be shown, let us say, in building a new bridge at Charing Cross. *Picture on page 3*

A COW FLOODLIT

Two motorists made good use of the headlights of their cars at a level-crossing near Christchurch, New Zealand, not long ago to stop a train and save the life of a cow which had strayed on to the line. Its legs were firmly wedged in the cattle stop.

The poor animal's plight was observed by a motorist, who pulled up and also stopped another car. The motorists were at a loss how to release the cow, as a train was due in a few minutes, so they ranged their cars on each side of the line, switched on their headlights, and—floodlighted the cow.

Spectators walked up the line to warn the engine-driver, and the train was pulled up in time.

FRIENDS FALL OUT

TARIFF TROUBLES
WITHIN THE EMPIRE

Why Lancashire is Angry
With Australia

AND WHAT AUSTRALIA SAYS

There was always reason to fear that Imperial Tariff troubles would arise out of what is called Imperial Preference; it is one of the things the C.N. pointed out in the days before we became a Protectionist country.

When blood relations have small differences, as too often happens in private life, the trouble is actually exaggerated because of their special association. Strangers quarrel much less than relations about small matters.

Now we see Australia and Lancashire at loggerheads about new Australian duties on certain cotton goods, imposed to please the infant Australian cotton industry. Lancashire, already in great distress because of general trade depression and India's tariff, feels this small Australian blow unduly.

Australia's case is that she has the right and the duty to build up a cotton industry of her own.

Boycott Threat

Lancashire replies that we are the best buyer of Australian produce and threatens to boycott Australian food.

Australia points out that her increased cotton duties apply to only £200,000 or so out of a trade of nearly £6,000,000.

Lancashire retorts that the Ottawa Agreement is at stake because under that agreement Australia promises not to protect industries which are not reasonably assured of success, and promises not to impose such duties as will deprive British producers of full opportunity for reasonable competition.

Australia says her new duties are perfectly reasonable.

The British Government has now intervened, and there will probably be long argument.

Another unfortunate point in the matter is that the Australian Government resents the new protection of the British farmer against Empire competition. The British farmer dislikes Australian cheap lamb and butter and cheese even more than the Australians dislike Lancashire's cotton goods.

FLYING GOES BACK TO THE BEGINNING

The pioneers of flying took to the air in balloons and gliders. Modern experimenters are going back to them.

In 1783 the Montgolfier brothers made a balloon which was lifted by hot air, and the other day an Austrian inventor rose 2500 feet in a balloon filled with air kept hot by means of an oil-burning apparatus in the gondola.

The present-day trend toward gliders has taken a remarkable step forward by the Russian experiments with aerial trains—gliders towed by aeroplanes. The latest development is a big passenger glider built in Moscow, with armchairs for five and a seat for the pilot. It is just like an ordinary air-liner except that it has no engine. When it is cast adrift from the towing machine it will glide down to its destination, while the rest of the train flies on.

THINGS SAID

There is a fool round every corner.

Road Safety Campaign

What Russia needs most is millions of gallons of paint. Sir Harold Bellman

I could give you the name of a duke who is as bad as anyone with litter in the parks.

A Hyde Park Official

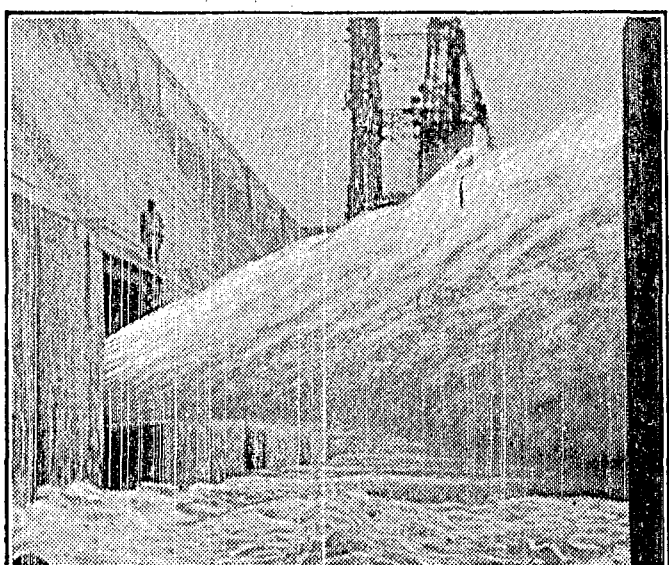
If farms can be so beautiful need factories be so hideous?

Bishop of Southwark

INDIA'S NEW DAM · TOSSING THE CABER · HAPPY DAYS IN CAMP



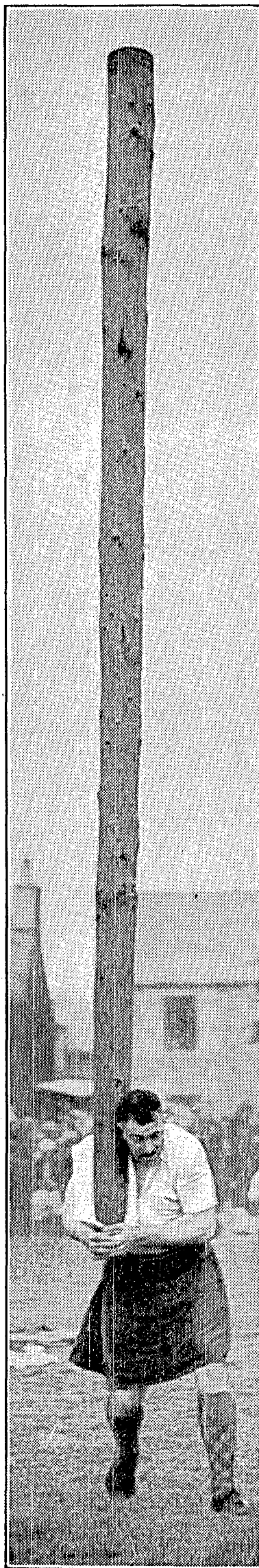
In Lakeland—Three holiday-makers in the Lake District enjoying the view of Thirlmere. This lake is the reservoir for Manchester.



Water Power—An impressive picture of a hydro-electric sluice in the great Mettur Dam recently completed in Madras. See page 2.



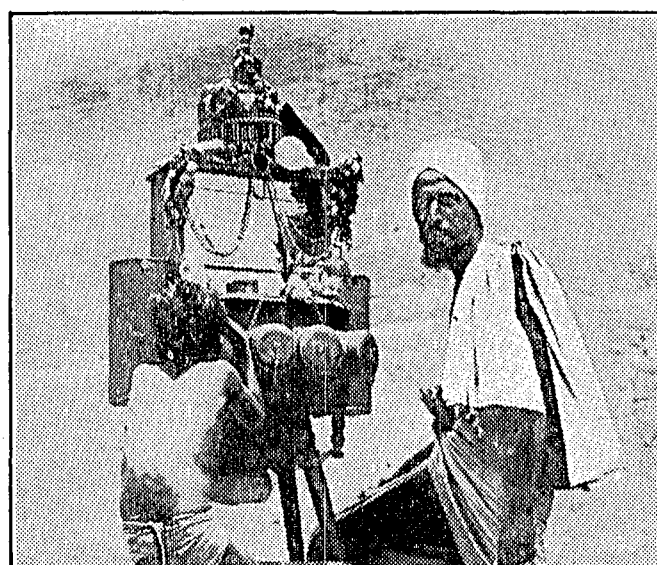
Little Londoners in Camp—Two of the cook's cheerful helpers in a camp near Chelmsford for Dockland boys.



Tossing the Caber—The traditional Scottish game at a Highland Gathering.



Thatching a Rick—After the harvest the thatchers are busy at a Devon farm putting thatch roofs on the ricks.



The Peepshow—An audience of one patronises the little picture theatre of a wandering showman in a Madras street.



Good Morning—These sailor girls, the Victory Cadets, have been spending a happy holiday on Horsea Island in Portsmouth Harbour.

CAN HE DO IT?

THE CHEAPER PETROL MAN

An Idea For Getting Power Out of Sea-Water

CHEMISTRY AGAINST IT

A dazzling but slightly alarming prospect is opened up by a French mechanician, M. Albert Saheurs of Rouen, who declares that he can turn sea-water into petrol at a cost of about a half-penny a gallon.

He attempted to perform the feat before representatives of the French War Office, who were supported by technical advisers. He passes brine through a coke filter and a chamber heated to a high temperature containing a catalyst—a substance such as finely divided platinum, nickel, or quartz, which has the mysterious effect of speeding-up chemical action and producing new chemical compounds to a remarkable degree.

The Price of the Secret

The product of this chemical action is passed through a charcoal filter, and there, according to M. Saheurs, is the petrol.

He will not say what his catalyst is, but he wants £25,000,000 for the secret, which is a high price, though not too high if it will do what he says. But we think chemists will feel some doubts about this mysterious process.

Sea-water is made up of hydrogen, oxygen, sodium, chlorine, magnesium, and a smaller proportion of mineral salts. It has no carbon. Petrol is one of the hydro-carbons which contain hydrogen and carbon in varying proportions. Catalysts, known or unknown, will do a great deal in altering the combination of the elements in chemical compounds, but they will not produce carbon out of nothing.

An Invention To Be Welcomed

This is a chemical criticism, and the inventor might reply that the coke or the charcoal furnishes the missing element. But modern chemistry keeps no secrets long, and nobody with any business sense would pay a huge price for one which would be useless unless other experimenters could handle it. But if this attempt to extract gold from sea-water to the extent of £25,000,000 succeeds, the world will hail it as an invention of an uncommon kind.

A more modest invention, which the C.N. would hail joyfully, would be one to extract from sea-water the petrol cast in it from ships, to the fouling of the sea and the destruction of birds and fish.

LIFEBOATS BETTER THAN EVER

The Safety of 534

STEEL BOATS THAT CANNOT CAPSIZE

Better lifeboats than have ever swung from the davits of any liner are to accompany Cunarder 534 on her voyages.

Never have such lifeboats been built before; they are as epoch-making as the liner herself.

There are to be 28, each weighing 16 tons with a full load. They will be built entirely of steel and driven by Diesel engines, ready to start at any moment. Fitting them with this engine will add to their safety, for the heavy oil they use is easily stored and does not readily catch fire.

The buoyancy tanks are placed in the upper parts of the boats instead of below, so that it will be impossible for them to capsize.

The boats will be fitted with broad-casting and direction-finding apparatus, and will carry in comfort 140 people.

A WELL-FED NATION

20 Years Advance

MUCH SUGAR AND LITTLE COFFEE

So much of our food is imported that we are able to trace with accuracy the changes that have taken place in the national food table in recent years.

We can say with truth that we are much better fed than before the war. Rather less bread is eaten, but more meat, sugar, butter, cheese, and fruit.

Our consumption of sugar steadily advances. In 1913 it was big, for it amounted to 82 lbs. per head, but in 1932 it was 99 lbs.

The dairy produce record is excellent. Imported margarine has almost died out. Butter leaped from 10 lbs. a head in 1913 to 19 in 1932. Cheese rose from under six to over seven.

Advance in Food Comforts

When we come to what may be called food comforts we find evidence of great advance. Of tea we consumed nearly 7 lbs. a head in 1913; for 1932 the figure was over 10 lbs. Coffee is not yet much in favour, but consumption rose from a little more than half a pound to over three-quarters. Why we do not drink more coffee is presumably because we refuse to learn how to make it. Cocoa has nearly doubled.

Fruit also made a big advance, the consumption of imported fruit multiplying four times. Never before was the world's fruit so largely brought to market here.

The chief blot on the food record is the increase in the consumption of tinned and preserved food, but this is as yet only a fraction of the whole.

THE MISSIONARY AND THE BLACKBERRY BUSH

A Sad Mistake Long Ago

There are quite a number of unwanted plants among the living things which have emigrated to New Zealand from the Old World.

Some people lay the blame on the missionaries who established mission stations in the villages of Maori tribes long before British settlers came to make their homes in New Zealand.

It is a saying in New Zealand that where you find the site of an old mission station you will find it overgrown with gorse and blackberry.

Apparently the missionaries made a point of planting blackberry to provide fruit and gorse to make hedges, but they did not reckon on the mild New Zealand climate, which allows these two plants to flourish and multiply over unoccupied land until now they are among the worst plant pests of the Dominion.

Of course the missionaries also introduced many plants that did not become pests, as well as the greatest blessing of all in the world. They taught the Maoris how to grow wheat and potatoes; but what a pity they did not leave the blackberries behind!

THE BLIND MUSICIAN

Trinity College of Music in London has arranged to give special lessons in conducting to blind musicians, so that soon we may have the blind leading the seeing, for they may learn the use of the baton, that intriguing magic wand of the music world, and the direction of choirs.

A few rules grasped, and lack of sight will be no drawback to the blind conductor of an orchestra or a choir.

We imagine that many a blind man will be glad of this opportunity offered to him at the Trinity College of Music, and grateful to the National Institute for the Blind, which first suggested such training.

DAISY BATES

We have been delighted to read in an Australian paper this sketch of our friend Mrs Daisy Bates, the C.N. correspondent in the great lonely spaces of Australia, where she sits at her tent watching the dying race of the Aborigines, the black people of the southern continent who were there long before the white men came.

The writer is Ernestine Hill, and the occasion of this sketch was the investing of Mrs Bates with the Order of Commander of the British Empire with which the King has honoured her.

For many years this woman has elected to live in utter loneliness, in circumstances and enduring hardships that make her unique of her sex. To the settlers of the distant siding her life and thoughts are a mystery. Tracks of her little high-heeled shoes are found in the ranges for miles round.

A keen naturalist and botanist, she has contributed much of value to the book-data of Australian fauna and bird-lore, but the study of the natives is her science and her life.

A Wonderful Record

In the intense heat she has laboured, suffering often from a serious lack of water, carrying the sick upon her back, feeding the blind, looking to the needs of poor objects repulsive in their degeneration, and using her influences to subdue savagery and to lighten the dark mind of the world's most primitive.

Never has she attempted to Christianise the blacks about her. "I come to learn of their religions," she said simply, "not to impose my own."

Distantly, quietly, and courteously she speaks to them always in their own language, and never do they perform the slightest service for her for which they are not promptly repaid. So has she gained their complete confidence, and is already acclaimed as perhaps the most reliable living authority on the life and habits of the Australian black man.

Her Dearest Dream

"I have no illusions," said Daisy Bates. "They are a lost people. Already they are but remnants of the old tribes and totems—poor, hopeless derelicts, wanderers with no comprehension. I may not see the last of them, but this century will."

"My dearest dream has been the appointment of a King's man—a Havellock, a Lawrence, a Nicholson—who might make of the remaining fragments a native empire, leading the leaderless to some last faint expression. But the days of the empire-makers are over. It will never come to pass. In living among them, all that I can do is to make the passing easier. There is no hope for tomorrow, but I can help each one of them for today."

Herself a grandmother, Mrs Bates has for many years refused the appeal of her family to relinquish her work and return to civilisation. Her life's task, the compilation of 30 years accumulation of voluminous notes and manuscripts, is not yet accomplished.

Keen Sense of Humour

Perhaps the outstanding feature of her character is that through all these years of isolation and hardship she has preserved her keen sense of humour, a spontaneous wit, and an activity of mind that make her a delightful companion and, in the circumstances, unique among women.

So it is that, in that ghostly tent in the sandhills, at night, when no black man will venture out for fear of the debil-debil, a white woman voluntarily exiled from her own kind for so many years finds all her joy in writing the legends and the songs of a vanishing people, and in reading the old Latin poets for the music of the words.

INDEPENDENCE OF AUSTRIA

Corner Stone of Peace

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

The children of today are witnessing some of the most astonishing events that have ever been recorded.

Not the least of these is that the New Austria resulting from the war, the remnant of the great Austria which declared war on Serbia in 1914 after the assassination at Serajevo of the heir to the Austrian throne, is leaning on the arm of Italy.

What makes this so remarkable is that for long Austria was the tyrant of Italy. Not until 1866 did Austria leave Italian soil. She then retained, and continued to hold until 1918, Venetia Julia, Trent, and Tyrol, thus possessing the strategic power to invade Italy with ease.

Italy has now regained the ancient frontier, the great ridge of the Alps, and feels safer; but naturally she dreads the union of Germany and Austria, which would bring German might south to the Brenner Pass, by which Italy has so often been invaded.

The First Italian Interest

That is why we see Signor Mussolini defending Austrian independence against Nazi Germany. He regards it as the first Italian interest.

The new Austrian Chancellor, Dr Schuschnigg, continues Dr Dollfuss's policy of combating the Nazis in alliance with Italy.

Austrian independence is now set forth as the corner stone of European peace. France no less than Italy is anxious to maintain it. For the present at least Nazi Germany does not dare to challenge it officially, but we have to remember that Chancellor Hitler was an Austrian until he became a German citizen, and that he has always fought for German-Austrian unity.

Italy is to give wide economic facilities to Austria. A free zone at Trieste will cherish Austrian trade, with preferential rates on Italian railways. Italian and Austrian relations are to be encouraged by the exchange of professors, students, music, and so on.

The other States of the Danube are to be invited to join with Italy and Austria in peaceful union. Hungary has already agreed to cooperate.

JOHNNY AND JIMMY

Readers of the C.N. already know of the experiment carried on in New York by Dr Myrtle McGraw on the twin babies Johnny and Jimmy Woods.

From the age of one week Johnny has been trained to think for himself and to be resourceful and fearless, while Jimmy has been brought up in a quite ordinary way, like most children.

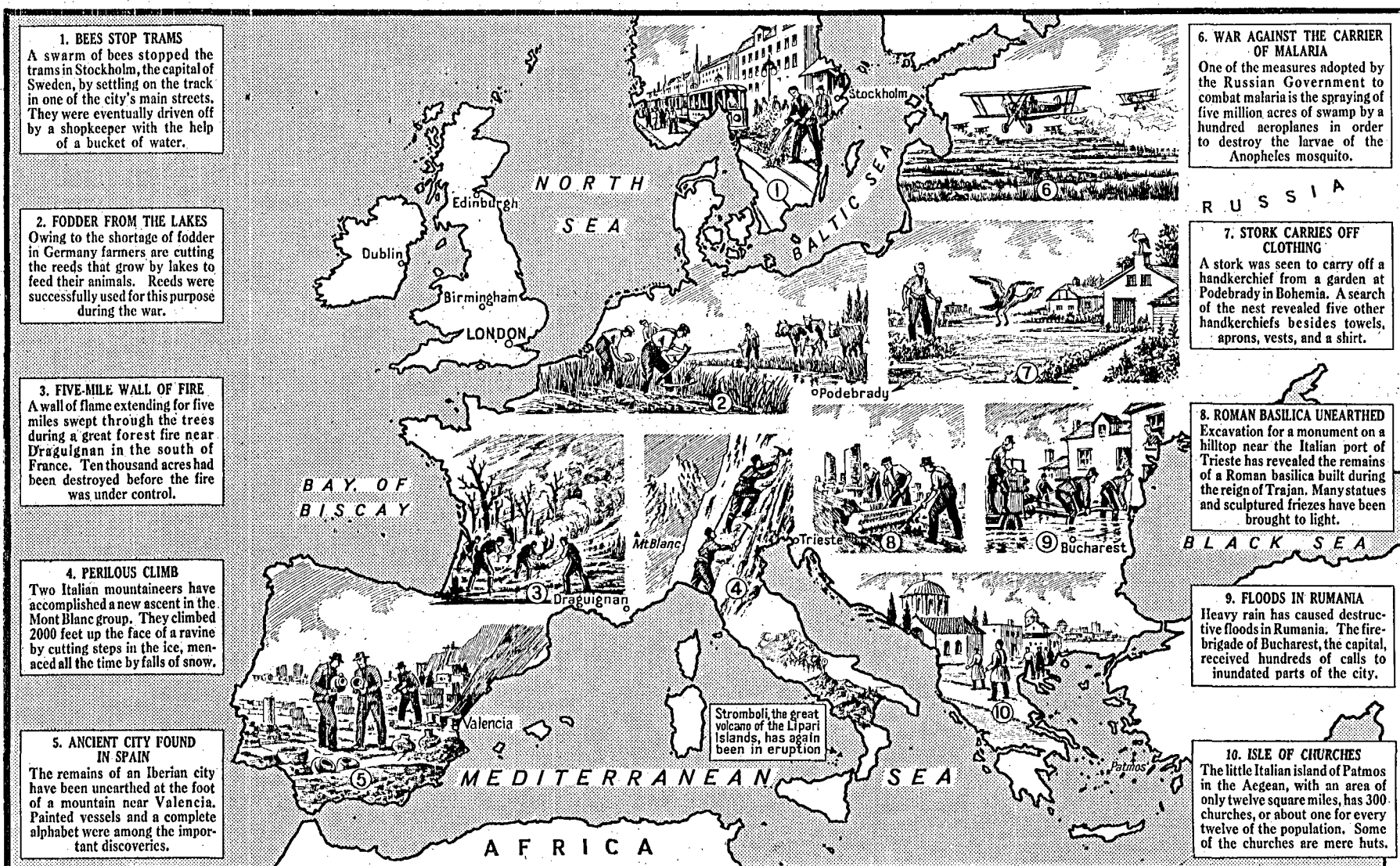
The little boys are now two years old, and the experiment has proved that proper training can develop a child, just as nurture can bring on a fine flower.

Today Johnny looks and seems a good year older than his twin brother, has better manners, speaks well, eats well, is independent, gay, and friendly. Jimmy is much more shy, eats badly, and, at the first sign of difficulty, runs to his mother for help.

Johnny and Jimmy now go to the same nursery school and receive the same training. Many people think Johnny will soon lose his special skill and become indistinguishable from other boys of his age. If this happens, Dr McGraw hopes to try to revive them in less time than it would take to teach them to a child from the first.

The experiment has opened an interesting line of observation, and we may look for further similar studies which will help to throw light on the question, How should Baby be trained?

THE C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



MOSQUITO DAY

When Sir Ronald Ross Should Be Remembered

During the last years of his life Sir Ronald Ross celebrated August 20 as Mosquito Day, and it has been suggested by Mr R. L. Mégroz that this date should be recognised as a tribute to the life and work of that great benefactor of the human race.

It was on August 20, 1897, that Sir Ronald saw for the first time under the microscope the parasites of malaria in the tissues of a mosquito and thus solved the mystery of how malaria, yellow fever, and other deadly tropical diseases were transmitted from man to man. The mosquito was the agent, the million-murdering cause as Sir Ronald called it, and all tropical hygiene has since been centred on the elimination of this pest.

We might well celebrate Mosquito Day by the collection of funds for the support of the Ross Institute at Putney, the national memorial to the great scientist which was closed through lack of endowment funds last autumn, only a year after his death.

AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

She Joins the I.L.O.

Not yet is America a member of the League of Nations, but at last she is actually a member of the International Labour Office.

America was invited to join by the International Labour Conference in June, and Mr Roosevelt has accepted.

It is stipulated that the membership is not to involve any obligations under the Covenant of the League, and it is also claimed that the United States, as one of the greatest industrial countries, becomes entitled to a place on the Governing Body of the I.L.O.

KING HERRING

Why is He Given Up?

The Sea-Fish Commission recommends the Government to set up a Herring Board to control and reorganise the British herring industry, from catching to selling.

Sales abroad have fallen 55 per cent since 1913, while sales at home have dropped 45 per cent. One in three of us, it is reported, has given up eating herrings; and advertising, it is thought, would restore the herring to popularity.

The industry has too many boats, and the Government is recommended to grant £50,000 to buy up and scrap the old ones among them.

Distribution is a most important factor. The fishermen get a pittance even while herrings sell at as much as 6d a lb in the shops.

In a recent debate in Parliament a member declared that the herring is the most delectable of all fish, and was once called the King of the Sea.

THE EARWIG AND THE TRAIN

How a train on the L.M.S. was held up for an hour through the wanderings of an earwig is reported by the station-master of Long Itchington.

When he found that no reply could be received from the advance station of Marton Junction he stopped the express and walked on to trace the cause.

He discovered that an earwig had got wedged between the plates of the electrical apparatus, preventing any message from getting through.

BRAVE LITTLE BELGIUM

Belgium, which is producing so many heroes nowadays, has now a population of 8,248,000.

The increase recorded is small, about 30,000 a year. Even this is illusory, for the number of births, as in our own case, is not large enough to maintain the existing population.

A FRIEND OF SOLDIERS

Carrying On at 83

Sixty-six years ago a young Irish girl was asked to keep an eye on a little drummer-boy in her brother's regiment. So Miss Elizabeth Sandes started on her lifework.

When she died last month British soldiers in Ireland, England, Scotland, India, and Jamaica lost a great benefactor. In those countries, particularly in the remoter parts where little of home comfort was available for soldiers, she established centres where they might spend their leisure time. She collected thousands of pounds for her Sandes Soldiers Homes, helped by Lord Roberts and others who recognised the value of her work. There are now 33 of her Homes, the last, Catterick Home in Yorkshire, being opened in 1928 to celebrate the diamond jubilee of the work.

Miss Sandes was still gallantly carrying on the work, though 83 years old and an invalid, when she died at Ballykinlar Camp in Ireland.

THE UNDERGROUND'S SUMMER SALE

Most of the summer sales end with July, but the Underground's summer sale ended in August.

Twice a year London's underground railways dispose of the unclaimed lost property which has been collected in their trains and cloakrooms. Of the many thousands of people who leave things on the trains only a third ever come to claim them, so there is no dearth of goods to sell.

Umbrellas and spectacles usually top the list, though in a dry year there is a falling-off in umbrellas. Attaché cases come next, and after them pieces of jewellery. Among the rarer, but by no means unknown, finds are perambulators and bicycles. The proceeds go to the staff welfare fund and are usually used for increasing the sports facilities.

IT WILL NEVER END

Australia's War Bill Going On

Australia has been reckoning up, and it seems that a quarter of a million Australians are still receiving war pensions from the Commonwealth.

When the war began twenty years ago Australia called for her youngest and bravest, sent them to England, and put her hands in her pockets to pay their expenses. The bill is still coming in. Many of the Australian Expeditionary Force never saw the dear dun plains of their homeland again. Many more returned to them maimed.

Since the war £140,000,000 has been paid out in pensions and gratuities. Settlement of the survivors on the land, war service homes, and training schemes have helped to mount the bill to £200,000,000 since the war ended.

That is what it has cost just one unit of the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Mother Country can sympathise, but can do no more. With her, as with her younger sons, the payment never ends. It never will, in our lifetime.

HIGHER FRUIT DUTIES

New and higher duties are being imposed on imported fruit preserved by chemicals or artificial heat. The duties range from 3s to 9s a cwt.

The British canning industry is not satisfied, pointing out that imports of fresh blackberries are taxed 2d a lb while preserved ones pay only a penny.

The British consumer notes with regret the high prices of such fruit at the shops. Blackcurrants, once a cheap fruit, are becoming a luxury.

THANK YOU, ROBIN

Birmingham has a society of Royal Robins which each year organises a day's outing for thousands of children from the congested districts of the city.

This year marked the 42nd annual outing, when 3000 poor children were taken for a day's outing to Sutton Park.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 8 1934

Time Something Was Done

THE C.N. has always believed that it is folly to regard our unemployment tragedy as if it were bound to be permanent.

Year in and year out we have done our best to spread our conviction that there is plenty of work to be done and that means of doing it can be found.

If a man receives £1 from the State because he is out of work he should be given £1 worth of work to do. This is a simple proposition and it can be done. It is because it is so simple that the matter is not looked into by those who rule us. The world has been ruined in our time because its wise men refused to see an idea which should have been plain to any schoolboy.

First they tried to make Germany pay for the war *more money than there is in the world*. Then they tried to make her pay by producing goods for other nations and *throwing the workers of those nations out of work*.

Germany could not pay in her own money because it is useless outside Germany: if she pays in goods she throws other men out of work by doing so.

It is because the Peace Conference could not see this simple truth that the world has been brought to a state of ruin.

The C.N. believes in the simple idea of paying our idle men for doing something instead of paying them for doing nothing. If a town pays 300 men £1 a week for being idle, and their market wage is three pounds a week, the town has clearly the right to call upon these 300 men to give it two days work a week for their two days pay. In that case it would receive from these 300 men 100 men's work for one week, and with this labour it could pull down slums, cultivate waste spaces, drain marshes, make roads, lay water on to every village, build bridges, or do any big piece of work which *would not otherwise be done*.

The country should be mapped into areas, and it should be possible for public bodies to call for labour on this basis for any work of a special character.

What would be the result of carrying out this simple idea?

It would keep our men fit instead of wasting them.

It would make possible many great works now waiting.

It would drive home the vital principle that men should be paid for doing something and not for doing nothing.

It would oil the wheels of industry by creating a demand for materials.

It would make our unemployment pay a profitable investment instead of waste.

The C.N. thinks it is more than time that from every house in the country a letter went to the Government to see that this idea is tried.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Those Who Said Yes

WE are still being asked to believe that 40 million Germans have freely voted for Hitlerism, and it seems worth while to put on record one fact which has perhaps been overlooked.

The most miserable people under the Hitler Government are the people of the Concentration Camps, kept like dogs and often beaten for no other crime than that they have dared to oppose Herr Hitler.

The figures have been published for one of these camps at Dachau, and it is known that of these 1590 unhappy voters behind barbed wire eight voted No, ten spoiled their papers, and 1572 voted Yes.

It seems a great majority, but *why are these friends of Hitler kept in Concentration Camps?*

Not Cricket

IT seems desirable to register a protest against newspaper writings on our national game which most certainly are not cricket.

The visit of the Australians has been marred by acute controversy. One critic went the length of printing a story that the quarrel of Australia with Notts began in France during the war, when, it is alleged, the Notts men, for reasons unstated, had their bayonets ready to fight the men from the Antipodes!

This is not merely nonsense; it is insane and wicked nonsense.

The sooner Fleet Street allows cricket to go on without such interference the better it will be for cricket, Fleet Street, and all concerned.

The Two Sparrows of Jermyn Street

TWO London sparrows are making history near Jermyn Street.

They have set up house in the eaves of a mews turned garage, and they insist on a regular breakfast.

London sparrows go out for breakfast, have it at all hours, anywhere. These two stay at home. London sparrows seize what they can get, take it as it comes, as we say when someone asks how we like our tea. These two like their breakfast brought by car.

They have found out that motors coming in from the country in the morning have in their radiators a mass of insects caught en route.

All this bright pair need do is to cock an eye for an incoming car, choose the one they like best, and drop on to its radiator for breakfast.

They do not care two straws for the man with the chamois leather and a pail of water. Like all geniuses, they know that the world was made for them. And of course they know that secretly he admires them for their cool audacity and for their bright wit, and he would miss them if they went to live somewhere else.

By Half-Wits For Half-Wits

HUSH! lest Hitler hears. Mr Sidney Herbert, lecturer in history at the University College of Wales, has just said that from the anthropological point of view there is no pure race.

The racial theory as it is being exploited in Europe is a theory made by half-wits for half-wits.

We are afraid it will make the Fuhrer furious.

Casualty List of the Great War (Continued)

SOME children were playing with an old shell which they found near Sebenico in Yugo-Slavia. It exploded.

Three of the children were killed and four were badly wounded.

Tip-Cat

YOU need not go to Russia to get to know about it, says a writer. Take it as Red.

SOMEBODY says Let your son collect stamps. But it doesn't help him to get a post.

BARKING people bathe to music, we are told. Wonder they don't drown it.

IT is difficult to know where to put jellies in hot weather, says a newspaper writer. It depends how fond you are of them.



If bank managers can tell our fortunes

YACHTING is cheaper now. Not for those in low water.

To be successful a man must stand alone. But his enemies are sure to find something against him.

WOULD-BE orators are

warned never to make dry speeches. Then the audience can drink in their words.

AN air liner has its own chef. A man of high reputation.

AN angling festival was spoiled by mosquitoes. Every angler had a bite.

A SEASIDE borough complains that the local press ignored the town's toy balloon race. It wanted a puff.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

To celebrate the King's Silver Jubilee Boy Scouts will light a chain of beacons.

FOR two years there has not been one blind child under five in all Buckinghamshire.

FIVE THOUSAND more strangers entered our gates last July than in July last year.

JUST AN IDEA

The world is wanting what Emerson said it wanted in his day: somebody who should make us do what we can.

Emily Bronte's Optimist

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I (undying Life) have power in Thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts: unutterably vain;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thy infinity;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though Earth and Man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void:

Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed. Emily Brontë

Shakespeare's Pessimist

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon the stage

And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

A Prayer For the Animals

Hear our humble prayer, O God, for our friends the animals, especially for animals who are suffering and underfed and cruelly treated; for all wistful creatures that beat themselves against their bars; for any that are hunted or lost or deserted or frightened; for all that are in pain or dying; for all that must be put to death.

We entreat for them all Thy mercy and pity, and for those who deal with them we ask a heart of compassion and kindly words.

Make us to be true friends of the animals and so to share the blessing of the merciful. Amen.

Praise Him

Praise ye the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens;
Praise him in the heights.
Praise ye him, all his angels:
Praise ye him, all his hosts.
Praise ye him, Sun and Moon;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,
And ye waters that be above the heavens.

DYING FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S QUARRELS

DENMARK'S LOST THOUSANDS

Her Great Monument To the Noble Army of Her Dead

10,000 MINES IN THE WATERS

A fine and moving ceremony took place the other day near Aarhus in Denmark, when a noble monument was unveiled to the memory of the young Danes who fell in the Great War.

Danes? the reader will perhaps exclaim at this point—but surely Denmark was not in the Great War!

No; yet there were many Danes in the firing line, for it happened that in another war in 1864 Germany took from Denmark the part of her territory known as South Jutland, which henceforth became known as North Schleswig. And, of course, the inhabitants of this territory, though racially Danish, were conscripted with the German-speaking population.

Recovered Territory

The Peace Treaty, which called so many new injustices into being, remedied the old injustice to Denmark, but it could not resuscitate the 4000 of her sons who fell fighting Germany's enemies. Having recovered her lost territory as a result of a plebiscite she herself asked for (refusing, with a rare integrity and disinterestedness, to accept a decision in her favour unless the inhabitants themselves wished for a restitution) Denmark shouldered the responsibility not only for those 4000 fallen and the thousands who died of their injuries later, but also for the 2500 disabled men, 1000 war widows, and 400 fatherless children.

The call to honour the dead and to come to the assistance of the survivors was answered by the entire nation; and the crowds which attended the unveiling of the monument near Aarhus the other day showed how far from being healed is the wound which the sacrifice of so many lives dealt the heart of the Danish people.

From Mother

The most poignant part of the crowd were the families of the fallen and their disabled comrades. Shoulder to shoulder they walked, under the radiant summer sky, those who had lost an arm or a leg or their sight on the battlefield, and those who had lost their heart's dearest. The King and Queen, princes and princesses, and many prominent figures in public life had come to lay their wreaths on this symbolical tomb of the fallen; but they must have felt their own presence dwarfed by that of the little bent old woman who had started out at three that morning to bring, all the way from her home in South Jutland, a bunch of field flowers with a ribbon on which she had written, "Loving greetings from Mother, little Hans."

A Comforting Thought

That little white-haired woman broke down and cried bitterly when she saw her boy's name graven on the marble tablet; nevertheless she must have felt, with all the other bereaved ones there, a subtle comfort in the thought that at last there was a place where her love could find him, he who all these years had been lost to her in some far-away nameless grave.

And so Denmark, the most peaceful country in Europe except, perhaps, Switzerland, has her war memorial now as any of the belligerent nations, a memorial on which are inscribed, side by side with the names of the fighters, the names of those mariners who sacrificed their lives after the war in ridding the Danish waters of ten thousand mines which had been sunk in them.

MALTESE FOR MALTA

THE Government has ordained a long-needed reform in Malta.

It has made Maltese, the language spoken by 85 per cent of the population, the official language in its Law Courts.

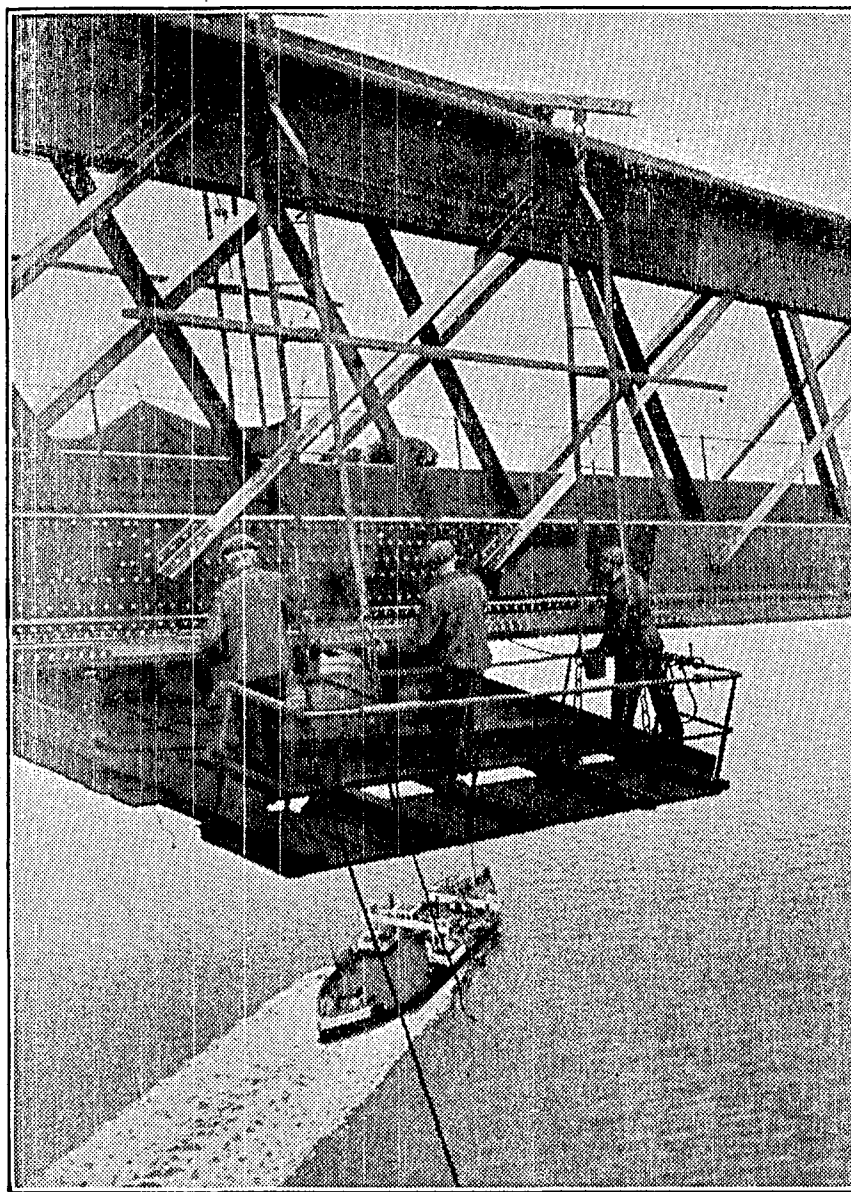
Hitherto Italian has been the language used in all the courts of Malta, and much delay has arisen in the trial of both criminal and civil cases owing to the necessity for translating everything into Italian. In many cases this meant a denial of justice to the parties concerned, and it is surprising that such a state of affairs should have been allowed to continue for so long.

The reason Italian has persisted so long is that all the records of the courts are in Italian, and by using a language which most of their clients did not understand the lawyers have become a

kind of privileged caste. The lawyers argue that Maltese is inferior to Italian as a language capable of expressing the subtleties of law. It will be easy, however, to remedy this difficulty by allowing the courts to use English words to supplement the Maltese. For English is to be used in the Civil Courts where neither party can speak Maltese but one of them speaks English. Where the mother tongue of both parties is Italian it has been ruled that the oral proceedings shall be in Italian.

Malta has belonged to this country since 1814, when the Maltese willingly agreed to become British subjects. They had risen in rebellion against the French, who had conquered the island under Napoleon in 1798. For nearly 300 years before that the Maltese had been ruled by the Knights of St John.

PAINTING THE FORTH BRIDGE



Here workmen are painting the Forth Bridge. It takes about three years to paint the whole bridge, and when they have finished at one end it is time to start again at the other end.

TABLET NUMBER 127

STRANGERS in London, and Londoners who keep their eyes open, see here and there the pleasant little memorial tablets put on the face of houses by the L.C.C. to indicate famous persons who once lived there. Tablet Number 127 has just gone up at 2 Manchester Square. Here lived Sir Julius Benedict.

He was one of the most distinguished of foreign musicians who have lived in England since the days of Handel. He was born at Stuttgart in 1804 and died in London in 1885.

Benedict was young in the great days of German music, and when he was old had many things to remember, such as meeting Beethoven, living for three years in the house of Weber, whose favourite pupil he became. When he was 19 he was conducting Opera in

Vienna, later in Naples. In 1835 he was in Paris, where Meyerbeer and Rossini were living. In 1836 he came to London, and here he stayed.

Benedict was a distinguished pianist, a versatile composer, a gifted conductor. His name is associated with operas beloved in Victorian England, their very names recalling a forgotten taste. The best known were *The Gipsy's Warning*, *The Brides of Venice*, *The Crusaders*, and *The Lily of Killarney*, which was considered his best. He wrote many cantatas. Some people think his oratorio *St Peter*, which was given at the Birmingham Festival in 1870, his masterpiece. He conducted at Covent Garden and in various parts of the country, and directed the popular Monday Concerts. He was knighted in 1871.

PLANE AND TRAIN

TRAGEDY OF THE NOISY AGE

Roar From the Air Above a Level Crossing

SILENCE AND EFFICIENCY

In this Age of Speed, also the Age of Noise, it seems impossible for any invention for promoting the first to avoid the curse of the second.

Aeroplanes, which by the miraculous rapidity of their development seemed to promise the blessing afforded by an undreamed-of improvement in transport, are becoming disturbers of peace and quiet. Their drone is for the time being only a new nuisance to sensitive ears, but when they multiply their roar by night and day may become overwhelming, because it will be impossible to avoid it. We are sadly aware that the last thing their makers will seek to invent will be something to quieten them, and we are sadly aware also that they already keep awake thousands of people in our quiet countryside.

Aeroplane and Train

At Shoreham the other day a new and unthought-of peril was made public. A Southern Railway policeman had been stationed on a stretch of the line near Bungalow Town Halt to warn people against crossing the line to an aeroplane display when trains were approaching. He warned others, but failed himself to hear an approaching train because its sound was drowned in the roar of an aeroplane flying right over him. It was flying low, only about 60 feet, and the policeman was caught by the train and killed.

The jury urged that pilots should be warned not to fly low over the station, but this, which seems mere common sense, is only a common precaution. It does not touch the question of the increasing roar of the explosion motor.

The noise of the exhaust of the pneumatic drill, which is a commoner curse of streets, has been the cause of increasing complaint and some inquiry. The makers of these instruments declare that the sound of the exhaust cannot be lessened without impairing the efficiency, though it has been shown that the efficiency is bought, not only at the cost of public convenience, but of the workman's nerves and hearing.

A New Silencer

We do not believe that it is impossible for invention to subdue the sound while preserving the effectiveness. Mr Cave-Browne-Cave, Professor of Engineering at University College, Southampton, is to describe at the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen a silencer which will do both. He holds out hopes that it may be successfully applied not only to pneumatic drills, but to the abominable nuisance of the motor-cycle, which is one of the scandals of our time.

A SCHOOL FOR CLIMBERS

Considering the irresistible fascination of the mountains, and the annual loss of life, it is perhaps good news that a school for instruction in mountaineering has been founded on the slopes of the Jungfrau.

On the little Rostock competent and certified guides have marked out three itineraries intended to bring beginners up against sample difficulties of ice, crevasse, snow slopes and cornices, and rock-climbing.

In certain places rings have been cemented into the rock to guard against undue danger to the inexpert. The Eiger Glacier offers every variety of problem, whether involving the use of the rope or independently of its aid.

THE SHADOW OF THE UNIVERSE

SIR JAMES JEANS LOOKS IT THROUGH

No Simple Picture of Things
For Our Wise Men

IDEAS THAT COME AND GO

Sir James Jeans had no simple picture of the 20th-century universe to offer the British Association in his Presidential Address at Aberdeen. It was hardly a picture at all, though he called it one.

The new universe is a mathematical structure laid out by mathematical rules, and as mathematics are the creation of the mind, so the universe remains what the mind is able to take in and account for. It is limited by the power of the mind, and as this itself is limited, while the universe is illimitable, it can never be wholly explained.

Discovery of the Electron

Such explanation as Sir James was able to put before us began by showing the way in which the discovery of the electron and similar particles of energy had made obsolete the universe of the 19th century. When the British Association met in Aberdeen half a century ago the mathematical physicist had a universe neatly laid out in picture parables.

According to this, all matter was made up of particles like tiny unbreakable billiard balls; all space was filled with an ether like a rigid jelly, where force moved in whirlpools like spinning-tops. Everything was material.

But in Dr. Jeans's universe this would not do.

We could no longer say, he contended, that even time and space were realities. They were fictions invented by man's limited mind. We can never know the real nature of anything in that mysterious universe outside ourselves to which our minds can never penetrate. The most we can do is to note and compare measurements of it. That is why the 20th-century universe is a mathematical one.

What the Discovery Has Done

The modern physicist builds the new world out of facts he can measure, and will not assume that he knows anything about the facts except their dimensions. Attempts to take anything for granted (such as that the material universe consisted of particles existing in space and time) had broken down. That assumption had taught a good deal, but it had vanished under the discovery of the electron.

Yet it would appear that the electron, instead of making the picture clearer, had obscured it, because its motion was quite irreconcilable with any known law. We could neither say what it was nor where it was at any moment.

Light and Energy

So also with the conflict about the nature of light and travelling energy. The picture of light as a shower of particles had given place to another of energy travelling in waves; but we now began to perceive that the waves (of electrons, for example) were as hard to determine. They would not travel as regularly and consistently as they should, but moved in jumps.

So the learned discourse of one of the clearest thinking mathematical physicists of our time ended on a note of inquiry, not of certainty. The mind of the universe appeared in a new light, because mind and man's universe are the same thing, inseparable from one another. We can but go on, humbly correcting our position and our knowledge as we go, in the hope that the light may grow clearer on the never-ending path of the pursuit of wisdom.

£5 TO THE BEST VILLAGE

A Government Prize LOCAL PRIDE OF THE PAPUANS

The Government of Australia is to be congratulated on one of the wisest acts in its administration of Papua.

It gives a yearly prize of £5 for the best village in every division.

It was only at the beginning of this century that British New Guinea, as Papua was named previously, came under the control of the Federal Government, with 275,000 natives to care for. They are encouraged to establish communal plantations, and there are strict regulations requiring them to plant coconut and other economic trees on their land. The native children have to attend numerous schools belonging to the five Christian missions, and so many speak and read English that a magazine called *The Papuan Villager* is widely read. It encourages the Papuans to take a pride in their native village; its slogan is that

Every village in Papua should be good enough for the people to be proud of it.

Encouraging the Villagers

It declares that even if a village does not win the Government prize it will be a better village if its people do whatever they can to improve it.

Houses in Papua are simpler structures than they are with most of us, and the villagers are advised to pull their houses down when they are old and a lot of trouble to keep in proper order. They are encouraged to plant fruit trees along the village street and round the village, as well as bigger trees to rest under in the hot part of the day.

This Government prize for the best village is one of the best ideas we know of for helping a native population to raise itself in the scale of civilisation.

THE GREAT PUSH

Hosts of people go to Scotland when the heather is purple, but none of them choose such a strange way of getting there as a certain Blackpool couple.

The wife has been an invalid for three years. They are unable to afford train, coach, or aeroplane fares, so the husband pushed her in an invalid chair all the way from Blackpool to Glasgow.

The 200-mile journey was completed in just over three weeks, and they set off on the return journey next day.

It has been a very hot summer, and, unlike other walkers, he could never turn aside from the burning high road to shady field tracks or ways leading over airy heights, with springy turf to walk on.

But no doubt it was all worth while.

FIGHTING A FUNGUS

The deadly Dutch elm fungus, which has wrought so much evil in Europe, has been imported into America, where it has spread widely since it was first noticed four years ago.

A Dutch elm disease laboratory has been established in Ohio, and every effort is being made to stamp out the pest, which is carefully watched for at the ports. American elm trees are worth tens of millions of dollars.

The fungus is carried by a beetle which, in founding fresh colonies, inoculates healthy trees.

MORE WORK AFOOT

The Board of Trade makes an excellent report on British industry as a whole. For the quarter ended June the upward movement continued.

Production was 14 per cent better than in the same period of last year, and the best that had been recorded since the spring of 1930.

Taking 1924 as a base for comparison, six of the eight chief groups of industry showed improvement on that year. Coal and textiles were the exceptions.

LONDON'S UNSEEN LAKE.

It Wants More Water

Under London is a lake. It is drying up, or falling down, according to the view taken of its accumulated contents.

The water is held in the chalk basin of London. England's chalk, coming up to the surface over 7000 square miles with another 6000 square miles below, is the sponge from which the population wrings water by pumps and wells and bore-holes at the rate of 300 million gallons a day.

London has been wringing its share of the sponge vigorously since the middle of last century, and there are signs that the sponge is beginning to feel the effects of the overdraft. More is being taken out than is ever put in.

How Water is Lost

London's chalk basin, like other chalk areas, renews its water holding from the rain. It cannot catch all the rain, for much of the water always flows straight to sea, and when large towns and suburban areas have a waterproof area of roads and paving more water will go the same way down the gutters. The consequent loss of water may be smaller than is sometimes supposed, but the underground lake is showing unmistakable signs that there is a leak somewhere.

The chief evidence is furnished by the wells sunk as far as the chalk to tap it. When wells were bored to supply the fountains in Trafalgar Square less than 90 years ago water was struck at 78 feet down, and more than a million gallons a day was pumped up. Twenty years ago the well water level had sunk to 195 feet. It had been sinking at the rate of 20 inches a year. In Westminster similar borings reveal that the water is shrinking downward at more than a yard a year, and at more than five feet in Bloomsbury.

A Warning To Londoners

The shrinkage is not even. The water is retreating faster every year, and there is no sign that anything will bring it back again. If at the beginning of the 20th century the pumps had all been stopped and the wells closed, the water level would not yet have come back to its mid 19th-century level. If London's continued demands wrung its chalk sponge dry another four centuries of rainfall would be needed to renew it.

Two droughty summers with a droughty winter in between have brought home to Londoners that they can use too much water, even when it flows from rivers and reservoirs. The failing unseen water of their underground lake is another warning that, even in this moist and temperate climate, their calls on their reserves of water want careful handling.

LE OR LA

France's Bad French

It should be a little consolation to those whose French grammar is not their strong point, especially where the genders are concerned, to find that the French people themselves have long been making mistakes.

They have been using the masculine article for a feminine name. This is due to the fact that to a Frenchman every ship is of the masculine gender, the very opposite of our own custom, where ships are always feminine. But French ships are sometimes called by feminine names, like *Normandie*, and these ships have been referred to as *Le Normandie*.

The French Minister of Marine has now declared that the definite article must always agree with the name of the ship and must always be used, except in telegrams.

Pity the Poor Pit Pony

And buy your coal from the mechanical transport mine

THE DERBYSHIRE BOY GREAT LOVER OF FLOWERS

Work of Dr Leonard Cockayne on the Other Side of the World

HE LIES WHERE HE LOVED TO BE

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

A Derbyshire boy who settled in New Zealand 53 years ago and became the Dominion's most eminent botanist has passed away at the age of 80 years.

He was Dr Leonard Cockayne, who was ranked among the greatest botanists of his age. For fifty years he studied the plant life of New Zealand, and described to the world in his books the fascinating results of his researches. Honours were bestowed on him by the greatest scientific institutions of the world. The Darwin Medal, the world's highest award for biological science, was awarded him; he was the first in the Southern Hemisphere to receive it.

Dr Cockayne's name will be long remembered in New Zealand for the good reason that he established what he termed his open-air plant museum at Otari on the outskirts of Wellington. There, in a beautiful expanse of New Zealand's bush, one can see living plants growing under their natural conditions.

Giving Science a New Direction

Dr Cockayne's world-wide reputation has been established because he was one of those rare scientists who, not content with advancing their science along the beaten paths, give it a new direction and a wider horizon. When he began his botanical work, over 50 years ago, botany was mainly the classifying and naming of plants, but Dr Cockayne regarded the plant as a thing alive and in harmony with its surroundings, something that must be studied where it grew. This idea is the key to his career.

Every plant, he considered, is not merely an individual, but is a social being. Just as man has a community life, with its cooperation and competition, so among members of the vegetable world the same forces are at work. These forces have produced different kinds of vegetation in different parts of New Zealand, and this conclusion led him to the establishment of his botanical districts. In 1899 he attracted the attention of the botanical world by a paper he published dealing with the development and growth of vegetation at Arthurs Pass, a district high up in the snow-capped Southern Alps of New Zealand.

It was probably the first paper of its kind in the British Empire.

A Touch of True Poetry

There is a touch of true poetry in his botanical writings. His poetry showed in ways where science too often lacks it, in the popular names he gave to the New Zealand native plants, which till he named them had only long and difficult Latin names. He recognised that until a plant has a common name it will never be popular.

He has been laid to rest in the Otari reserve overlooking Wellington, with a view of the primitive vegetation of his adopted country, and facing the hilly portion of the reserve named, in his honour, the Cockayne Heights. There this Derbyshire boy rests, far from his home in our English countryside but among the scenes he loved and among the flowers he helped to make New Zealand love.

TOMATOES IN THE CITY

St Bride's Church has sprung another surprise on Fleet Street, for on the south wall of a shed joining the church grow three flourishing tomato plants which were bearing a dozen or more ripe tomatoes and several green ones when we passed the other day.

September 8, 1934

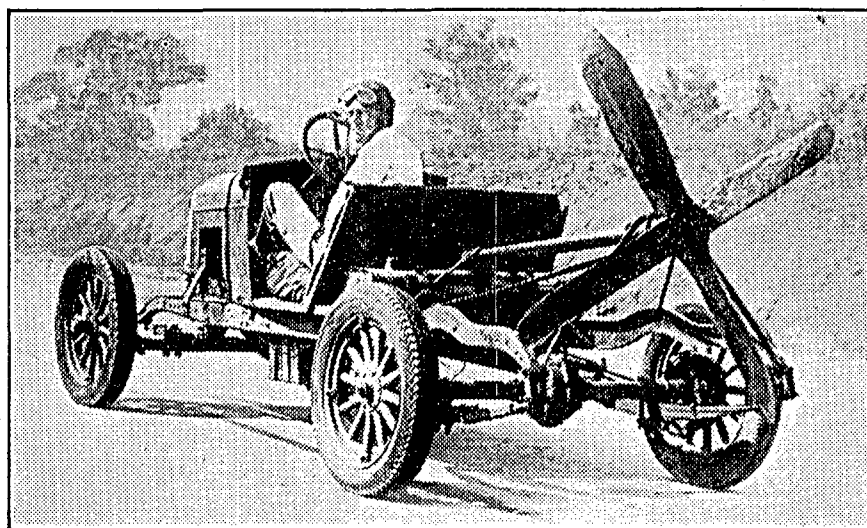
The Children's Newspaper

9

THE CHAINS OF 534 · BIGGEST DREDGER · PROPELLER FOR A CAR



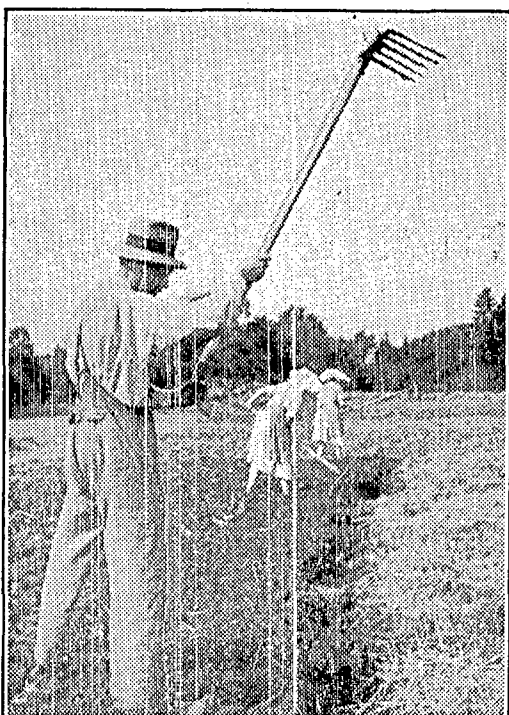
Two Little Ones—A Newfoundland puppy at New Barnet has the advantage of a young guide to point out the wonders of the world to him.



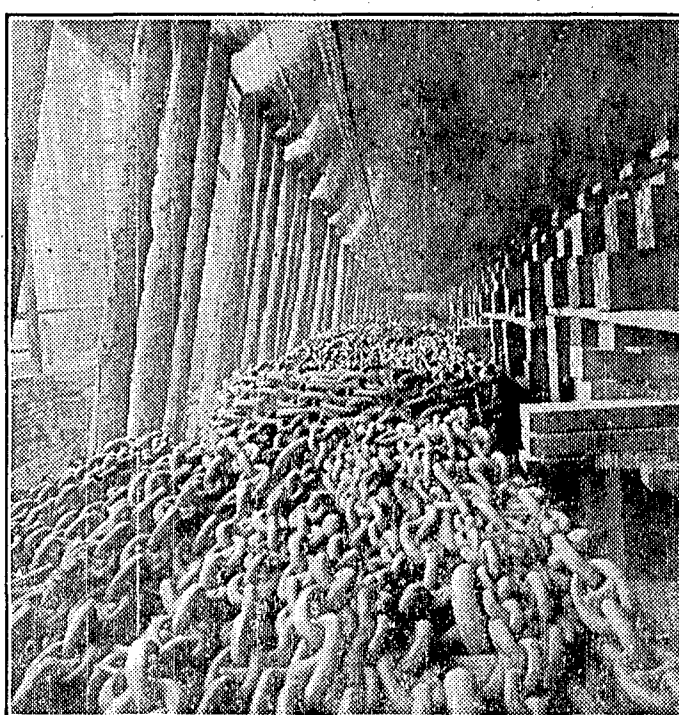
Motor-Car's Propeller—An American has fitted a car with an air-screw which drives it at 85 m.p.h. Pedestrians should stand clear when the car is backing.



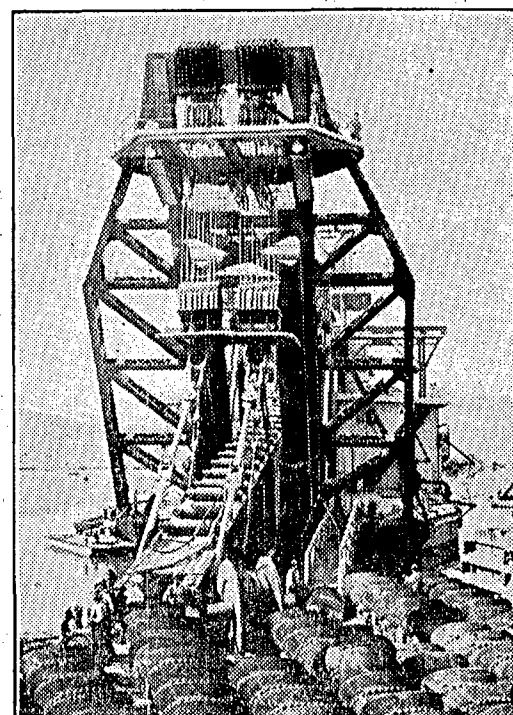
New Pastures—A flock of sheep leaping over a wall when on their way to another field. The picture was taken on a farm in Teesdale, Yorkshire.



Turning the Stubble—After the harvest Austrian farmers dig in the stubble by means of the long-handled forks shown in our picture.



Under the 534—Here are the piles of big chains under the hull of the new Cunarder which will check her progress when she is launched. See page 10.



Giant Dredger—A dredger said to be the largest in the world is at work in California. It is capable of dealing with over 15,000 cubic yards of gravel daily.

THE NEW KIND OF LIGHT

IT GIVES NO SHADOWS
Lamps Without Filament and
Light Almost Without Heat
HOW IT IS DONE

What, we may wonder, will be the light of the future?

One of the most thrilling sights today is the black hull of a big liner at night with its thousand glittering lights, a floating world of light, every bit of which is generated inside the vessel from the power of the coal or oil she carries as fuel.

For years the lamp manufacturers have given us brighter and more powerful lamps for motor-cars; tiny lamps the size of a pigeon's egg and driven from the car battery will give amazing beams with which the road can be flooded with light and seen ahead for hundreds of yards.

Road Illumination

Now a new kind of light has come which illumines the road so magnificently that a car can (*but should not*) be driven at sixty miles an hour at night without any headlamps at all!

Nearly 50 of these lamps have been installed on the Watford Road near the big Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at North Wembley. More than 700 of them have been erected along the Lewisham Road. It is a new kind of street illumination, with *no shadows*, a smooth, calm, flickerless light extraordinarily economical in cost.

The Osira lamp, as it is called, is one of the new types of electric discharge lamps and is very different in character from the lamps we have in our homes. These, as we know, are glass bulbs in which a thin filament of the metal tungsten is heated to incandescence by its resistance to the electric current passed through it. Such a lamp gets very hot when run for a time.

How the Light is Produced

In the new lamp there is no filament and practically no heat. The light is produced by exciting certain gases or vapours within the lamp, which is a plain glass bulb with just two electrodes or metal plates at the ends to which the electric current is connected.

The light is caused by millions of collisions between the atoms of the gases with the ions and electrons set free by the electric current. With the gases is a little mercury vapour. If carbon dioxide be used in the bulb an almost perfect daylight is produced, but the most economical light is obtained with other gases which give quite a pleasing colour, though not strictly artificial daylight.

Effect on Complexions

The new lamp gives two and a half times as much light as an incandescent lamp for the same consumption of electricity, and perhaps the only thing that can be said against it is that red colours look a little brownish, so that the rosy complexions of women do not look quite so natural, and such repellent things as rouge and lipstick and painted finger-nails look still more repellent; not a bad thing, perhaps, for even their owners may become as sick of them as other people are.

We are destined to see the Osira lamp on many roads, for its shadowless light and splendid illuminating power will mean much increased safety at night. The present form of lamp, too, is only the beginning of a new kind of lighting science. It had its beginning, of course, in the neon and helium lights introduced by M. Georges Claude, where long lengths of glass tubing filled with neon could be made luminous with only a very small amount of electric current. It was necessary, however, to use 1000 volts or more to excite these lamps, and in the new type of lamp the ordinary voltages can be used, thus doing away with the need for a special transformer.

THE NATIVE RACE REMEMBERS

Pilgrimage To a
Governor's Grave

PARAMOUNT CHIEF'S VISIT IN
THE COUNTRYSIDE

One of the most encouraging aspects of British rule over native races is the great reverence these primitive peoples so often show to the graves of their former rulers.

An example of this has recently occurred at Bexhill in Sussex. The Paramount Chief of the Gold Coast has been on a visit to the Colonial Office at the head of a delegation to ask for certain political changes. The chief, Sir Ofori Atta, remembered the good work a former governor, Sir Gordon Guggisberg, had done for his country from 1919 to 1927, when he was promoted to the Governorship of British Guiana. With his friends he made a journey to Bexhill, where Sir Gordon lies, and laid on his grave a superb wreath. He then asked permission, on behalf of himself and the Gold Coast and Ashanti peoples, to erect a monument bearing a simple inscription. This was granted, and before he left England the chief handed over a cheque to cover its cost.

What Faith Will Do

The natives revered Sir Gordon because he always treated Africans on their merits, and never introduced new legislation without consulting their most experienced leaders.

Another example of this reverence by natives has recently been brought to light. It concerns Harry Scott Taylor, a humble British official, who was killed in a machinery accident in 1891 when he was Superintending Engineer of some works at Periyar in South India. Ever since he died his grave has been tended with loving care. It is surrounded with numbers of candles, for to it the sick and other unhappy folk make pilgrimage, light a candle there, and return home cured.

It is a striking example of what faith will do, faith in remembering one who must have served his fellow creatures well to be remembered and revered for so long.

REST WITH PAY

Real Holidays Needed For All
A CASE FOR PARLIAMENT

For the majority of hardworking people employed in what is called manual labour holidays mean that the holiday-maker is deprived of his wages.

So it is even with so-called Bank Holidays, though this is little realised by the other classes of the community. We are glad, therefore, to note the increase, if a slow one, of cases in which workers are given real holidays, rest with pay.

Sometimes there are general agreements on the point, ruling the whole of an industry. For example, railway servants of a year's standing get a clear week. In cement-making and match-making a paid week's holiday rules, but while cement pays for Bank Holidays the matches do not.

A paid week also obtains in flour milling, lead manufacture, and some other important industries.

Omnibus workers in London are paid for 12 days rest, but in many places get less, and in many places more are required to take holidays at their own charge.

A review of the whole situation as to holidays suggests that the Government might well institute an inquiry, for it is clear that, while some excellent holiday agreements exist, the great majority are untouched by them.

OIL, COAL, AND RAIL

A Serious Contest Begun

THE NEW THREAT TO
OUR MINERS

On land, as on sea, oil seems to be winning the fuel contest, but the issue is by no means decided.

For a century coal had it all its own way, and we must never forget that its use is fundamentally important to us because it is our own. The railways consume 14 million tons of coal a year; if they turn to imported oil we have to find overseas markets for exports to pay for the imports.

The drawbacks of coal on the railway, however, are obvious. Coal smoke and grit make travelling dirty and distasteful. Moreover, a steam locomotive must burn coal when stationary and it cannot be started until steam has been raised. Therefore we can understand the railway oil experiments with Diesel traction.

Attitude of the Railways

The railways state officially that they have perfectly open minds toward new methods of traction, and have always given the fullest possible facilities to the trial of experimental engines, cars, or trains. Exhaustive trials of various types have been made.

The L.N.E.R. were pioneers with the introduction of the Diesel-electric rail coach Tyneside Ventura which went into service in 1932. Two further Diesel-electric coaches started regular work in Yorkshire recently. Diesel shunting locomotives are in use, and a Diesel express locomotive on trial has hauled 500-ton trains between York and Berwick.

The L.M.S. Railway have acquired three 40-seater Diesel hydraulic light passenger units, which have a high rate of acceleration, able to attain a speed of 50 m.p.h. in 49 seconds from a dead stand.

It will be seen, therefore, that oil threatens coal very seriously on our great railways.

OUR LITTLE LANES

The Man Who Cuts the
Flowers Down

"O Councillors, spare that flower!" we might well say to the local authorities who employ men to spend public money in making "neat" our country lanes.

We have in mind a lane which on one morning was lovely with wild parsley and on the next was strewn with the flowers, cut down and ready for burning.

A correspondent writes that his own particular lane is shorn of its flowers so frequently that there is seldom one to be seen. The grass verges, several feet wide, were cut this year in April, again in June, and will soon be cut again. Years ago this lane was famous for the number and variety of its flowers.

Beginning with primroses and cowslips, it continued throughout the summer with masses of scabious, knapweed, bedstraw, sulphur toadflax, mullein, and many other lovely things. Its rarer specialties were fly and pyramidal orchises (both now vanished) and the clustered bellflower, which grew in great profusion, a lovely sight with its dark purple flowers among the scabious and knapweed.

All this beauty is now a thing of the past, and for what object? The road would be as clear for traffic if a foot-wide margin only of the grass were cut. "I don't hold with flowers—I like to see the roads looking neat, like a gentleman's drive," is the opinion of the old man who each year robs the lane of beauty with billhook and scythe, and his opinion is evidently but the echo of that of all the district councils.

In every district protest should be made to the local surveyor as soon as such depredation begins. A telephone call sometimes works wonders.

LAUNCHING 534

RIVER WIDENED TO
MAKE ROOM

The Strong Chains Which Hold
the Giant in Leash

THE DEEPENED CLYDE

How to launch a ship over 1000 feet long into a river only 870 feet broad is a problem which at first sight appears unsolvable. Even a launch at an angle to the bank is fraught with great risks.

When its builders laid down the base for the new Cunarder they realised this problem and built the ship so that it is in line with a tributary of the Clyde which flows in through the opposite bank. But this little River Cart had not sufficient depth of water to take a great liner, nor was it sufficiently wide. The River Cart has accordingly been deepened and widened; but, though this has been done, giving deep water for 1500 feet, the launching of a hull which weighs 34,000 tons and is 10,000 tons heavier than the largest ship previously launched here is a task of the greatest difficulty.

Speed Down the Slipway

Complex calculations have been made as to the speed at which the ship will move into the water when the launching triggers are released. It is calculated that she will attain a speed of 12 miles an hour as she runs down the slipway. She must be checked at once in case she runs on to a mudbank. For this purpose an elaborate system of chains has been connected between concrete bases on the shore and plates attached to the hull. Engineers have had to calculate the stress these chains will have to bear with great exactness.

Each chain weighs 1000 tons and a margin of only five feet of deep water will remain beyond the point at which the chains should stop the ship.

All who know the Clyde are amazed at the possibility of building the world's largest ships so far up its winding river. For over 100 years the river has been gradually deepened to enable liners to reach Glasgow. The more water the liners drew the deeper was made the channel. A hundred years ago a ship which drew 15 feet had to use two high tides on its journey to the sea. At the beginning of this century the river had been deepened so that its minimum depth was 22 feet, and it has been dredged once more to enable the 534 to reach the sea. *Picture on page 9*

22 STAMPS

Making the Country Known

The 22 National Parks of the United States, known to travellers throughout the North American continent, are soon to be brought to the notice of the peoples of other continents.

Postage stamps showing the chief characteristic features and names of the most famous of these national playgrounds are being issued by the United States postal department.

It seems to us a happy idea that people of one country should be made aware of the scenic beauties of another country through the medium of international mail; also a reminder to the people at home of the common natural inheritances within their own borders.

Ten designs have been prepared and some are beginning to appear: Yosemite's El Capitan, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, Mount Rainier, Mesa Verde's Cliff Palace, Old Faithful Geyser in the Yellowstone Park, Crater Lake in Oregon, Acadia Park in Mount Desert, the Great White Throne in Zion National Park, Glacier Park in Montana, and the Great Smokies, the highest and wildest mountains east of the Mississippi.

THE CELESTIAL DOLPHIN

ANCIENT LEGENDS ABOUT A STAR CLUSTER

How the Meaning of Two Strange Names Was Discovered

SUALOCIN AND ROTANEV

By the C.N. Astronomer

An interesting cluster of stars, representing the little constellation of Delphinus, the Dolphin, may now be seen high up in the southern sky. They may be readily recognised, with the aid of our star-map, a little way to the left of the bright star Altair. A faint outline of the Dolphin as pictured by the ancients is shown on the map.

Arion, the Greek poet and musician, is supposed with his lute to have attracted numbers of dolphins round the ship in which he was about to be assassinated, and to have then jumped into the sea, when a dolphin bore him ashore.

A dolphin was also reputed to have saved the life of the Spartan Taras, the founder of Tarentum, the modern Taranto, in Italy, 2600 years ago; by rescuing him from drowning. Dolphins were, in fact, always noted as performing some friendly act.

There are ten stars ordinarily visible in the cluster on a clear night. As they appear crowded on the star-map they have been numbered. Their Greek names are as follows: 1 Alpha, 2 Gamma, 3 Delta, 4 Beta, 5 Zeta, 6 Theta, 7 Eta, 8 Epsilon, 9 Iota, 10 Kappa.

Alpha and Beta were also known during the last century as Sualocin and Rotanev. For many years these names could not be accounted for. Eventually the veteran astronomer the Rev T. W. Webb discovered that by reversing the letters of the names they spelled Nicolaus Venator. This was the Latinised name of the famous astronomer Piazzini's assistant in Palermo. It was later found that the curious names Sualocin and Rotanev first appeared in the famous star-catalogue produced at Piazzini's observatory. The production of this catalogue led Piazzini to discover the first asteroid Ceres on January 1, 1801.

Beta is composed of two immense suns, one of fourth and the other of sixth magnitude, the one of sixth magnitude revolving round the other once in 26 years. They are much larger than our Sun, but about 8,600,000 times farther away, their light taking 136 years to reach us.

Not a Real Cluster

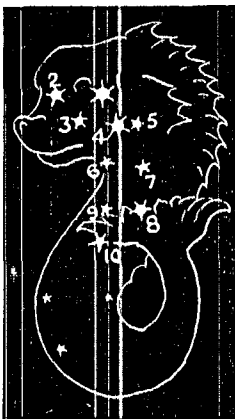
Gamma is also composed of two suns, easily seen in a small telescope, one being of fourth and the other of fifth magnitude. They are about 6,640,000 times farther off than our Sun, or 105 light-years distant. Kappa is another double star, 148 light-years away.

Little Zeta, which appears so faint, is a sun comparable to Sirius in both type and brilliance, but is 217 light-years distant, or about 26 times farther away. Delta is 296 light-years distant, or 18,733,840 times farther than our Sun. We see from these distances that the constellation of the Dolphin does not form a real cluster as do, for instance, the Pleiades.

G. F. M.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home



The constellation of the Dolphin

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

Cromwell Dies

SEPTEMBER 3

In this great sonnet Milton addresses Cromwell before he has been declared Protector of the Commonwealth. Cromwell died September 3, 1658.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud

Not of war only, but detractions rude, Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,

To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,

And on the neck of crown'd Fortune proud

Hast reared God's trophies and His work pursued,

While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,

And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,

And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still; Peace hath her victories

No less renowned than War: New foes arise

Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains:

Help us to save free conscience from the paw

Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

O TIBER, FATHER TIBER

Thousands of Italians went to Monte Fumainolo to sing folk-songs and to cheer a ceremony which should not leave English people unmoved.

It was the dedication of a stone pillar, which was surmounted by a bronze eagle and inscribed:

Here rises the river sacred to the destinies of Rome.

The destinies of England also have been shaped by Father Tiber. Roman writers and heroes have influenced our characters hardly less than her law-makers and roadmakers. Saxon, Norman, and Dane are we, sang Tennyson; but there are also Roman echoes in our language and our dreams.

Many an Englishman will applaud the erection of the pillar which marks the source of the Tiber, and will promise himself to make a pilgrimage to it.

CHILD GANGS

In 1932 the Chief Constable of Liverpool reported that 165 gangs of children were engaged in crime.

Four children from 7 to 12 stole from 38 shops on one day.

Since then there has been a marked increase in such crime. It is reported that many juvenile gangsters exist in the city, and that even young girls make organised thefts from shops and shoppers. Half the criminals of Liverpool in 1933 were under 16.

Sterner punishments are suggested in some quarters; others point out that less unemployment, better homes, and adequate education are called for.

FALL OF THE MIGHTY

Another famous British steelworks is to be scrapped.

Palmer's iron and steel furnaces at Jarrow are to be dismantled, and the melancholy work will "provide employment" for a number of men for a year or two.

This is a case to remind us of the great changes taking place in our iron and steel industry, and causing profound distress locally.

Who, thirty years ago, could imagine such undertakings would become derelict?

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP

PAULINE THE WART-HOG AND PETER THE PECCARY

How Mischievous Jack Stole a Diamond Ring

A PUZZLED KEEPER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

One of the Zoo's strange friendships has come to an end, for Pauline the young wart-hog and Peter the peccary have been separated.

These two animals arrived at the menagerie within a few days of one another in June last year, and as they were both orphaned babies in need of companionship they were placed together in the same cage.

They at once liked each other and so became one of the Zoo's "queer pairs," for although they are both wild swine they look quite different and normally they would never meet, since the wart-hog is an African creature while the peccary comes from South America.

Peter Has To Say Goodbye

As they began to grow up Pauline and Peter often had arguments, but they never lost their affection for one another. However, the Zoo felt that Pauline had grown old enough to meet other wart-hogs, and as the menagerie has a fine male wart-hog called Billy and another new young female it was thought that this trio would be happy.

Accordingly Peter had to say goodbye. For days after Peter had left her poor Pauline was depressed, but she cheered up when her two new house-mates arrived, because she had to challenge their right to enter her domain.

The latest attractions in the Gardens are a baby llama and a tame duiker. The duiker (a small African antelope) was a pet for a time before he came to the Zoo, and he is so tame that he can be stroked, nursed, and carried about.

A Happy Young Llama

The llama is a Zoo baby and the son of Victoria, one of the llamas who help to entertain young visitors by drawing small traps up and down the riding paths. As she has a youngster to mind Victoria is not working just now, but as soon as the little llama is strong enough to be left alone for a couple of hours she will begin work again. Her infant is long-legged and clad in a short woolly coat of snowy-white, and he gambols about just like a lamb.

One of the Zoo's magpies, a friendly but mischievous bird known as Jack, managed to steal a diamond ring from a visitor one busy day. Like all his kind Jack is greatly attracted by jewels and other glittering articles, and to amuse him a visitor drew a ring from her finger and flashed it in front of him.

A Lightning Grab

Suddenly Jack made a lightning grab with his beak through the bars and then flew away to the back of the cage carrying with him the coveted ring. Fortunately the keeper was near at hand and he was able to recover the ring.

Before he came to the Zoo Jack was a pet, but his owners had to get rid of him because of his thieving habits. Since he has been in the menagerie he has often stolen buttons from his admirers, and on one occasion he caused his keeper great consternation by stealing a number of silver coins. The coins were money collected for a fund.

The keeper was counting them on a table in the service passage at the back of the aviaries when he was called away for a few minutes and on his return he found that the money had gone.

He was a very puzzled man until he happened to notice that Jack was playing with something bright. He then made a search of Jack's cage and found the coins hidden away in various holes in the aviary.

ODOL CAMERAS FREE

to these Boys and Girls who have sent in winning paintings for the Odol Competition in August.

BOYS

Frank Everet, Wolverhampton.
Arthur Norman, Leyton, E.10.

John Gant, Forest Hill, S.E.23.
Fred Smith, Pudsey.

Gordon Latter, Spennymoor.

GIRLS

Ursula Fincham, Finchley, N.12.
Patricia Marson, London, W.12.
Lilian Herring, Norwich.

Margaret Whitworth, Hyde, Ches.
Betty Hunter, Rutherglen.
Elsie Birtles, Farnworth.

Jean Barwell, Maldon.

WHY DON'T YOU WIN ONE OF THE WONDERFUL PRIZES?

Just buy a tube of Odol Tooth Paste or a tin of Odol Solid Dentifrice and get at the same time a FREE copy of the Odol Painting and Story Book. If your chemist has given them all away, write for one to Uncle Odol, Odol Works, NORWICH, and he will send you one by return.

Odol

MAKES TEETH LIKE PEARLS

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem Assorted Biscuits

Made only by

CARR'S

of CARLISLE

7 PER HALF POUND

©532

GERMANY'S MATERIAL FAMINE

Effect on World Markets EUROPE NEEDS PROSPEROUS COUNTRIES

The present poverty of Germany has important reactions on international trade.

She is now unable to buy either food for her people or food for her factories. Dependent as she is on imported raw materials, she finds herself unable to purchase ores or fibres for her chief industries. She needs great quantities of copper, but cannot buy them.

As a result the price of copper falls, and so with other important commodities. A prosperous Germany would be a world asset; a poor troubled Germany is a world bugbear. Not until these things are fully realised will the world as a whole aim at peace as the first essential of prosperity.

The German Government has forbidden the use of copper and its alloys in the production of overhead cables above a certain size. Tin and its alloys are not to be used for soldering, nor mercury for producing dyes. Thus are important German industries curtailed.

HITLER'S BOOMERANG

The Jews Hitting Back

There can be no question that Germany is suffering seriously from the Jewish boycott provoked by Hitler's persecution; it has been a boomerang which has hit back.

The Jews are powerful in every commercial centre, and have played a large part in building German trade. They are thus in a position to make their power felt.

At Geneva, at the Third World Jewish Conference, Dr Goldman pointed out that Fascism was not necessarily opposed to the Jews, for Mussolini had left them in peace and Jews gladly served him.

As to Germany it was the duty of the Jews, with all minorities and all who respected spiritual freedom and the equality of mankind, to fight the barbarous notions now prevalent. Ideas like democracy, liberalism, freedom, and tolerance had not been outlived.

There could be no compromise in the fight against Germany's present policy toward Jews. Last year Jews proclaimed a boycott against Hitler's Germany, and they would keep their word until the full restoration of Jewish rights took place.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

14 Grow To 50,000

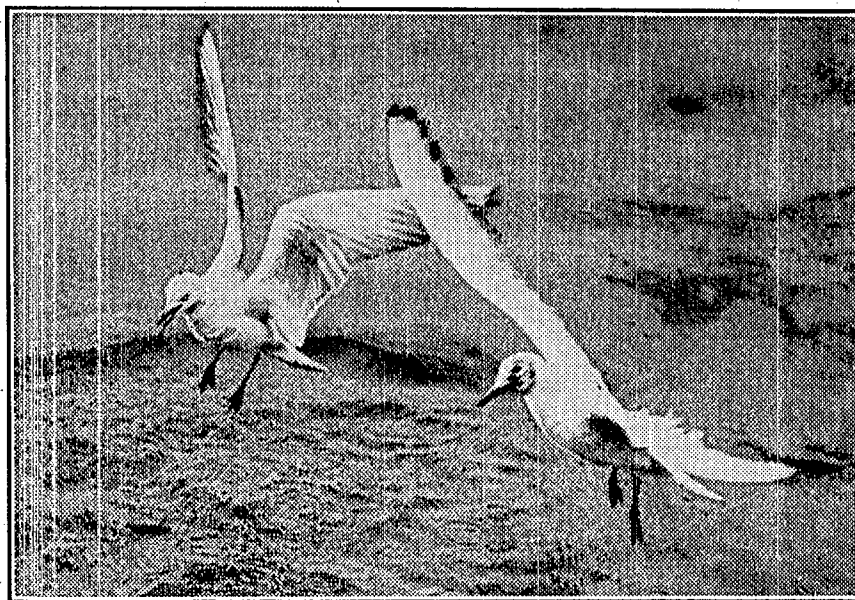
The Boilermakers Society has celebrated its hundredth birthday by a big meeting at Manchester.

It is its proud boast that its members have spent eight million pounds in friendly benefits and only one million in disputes.

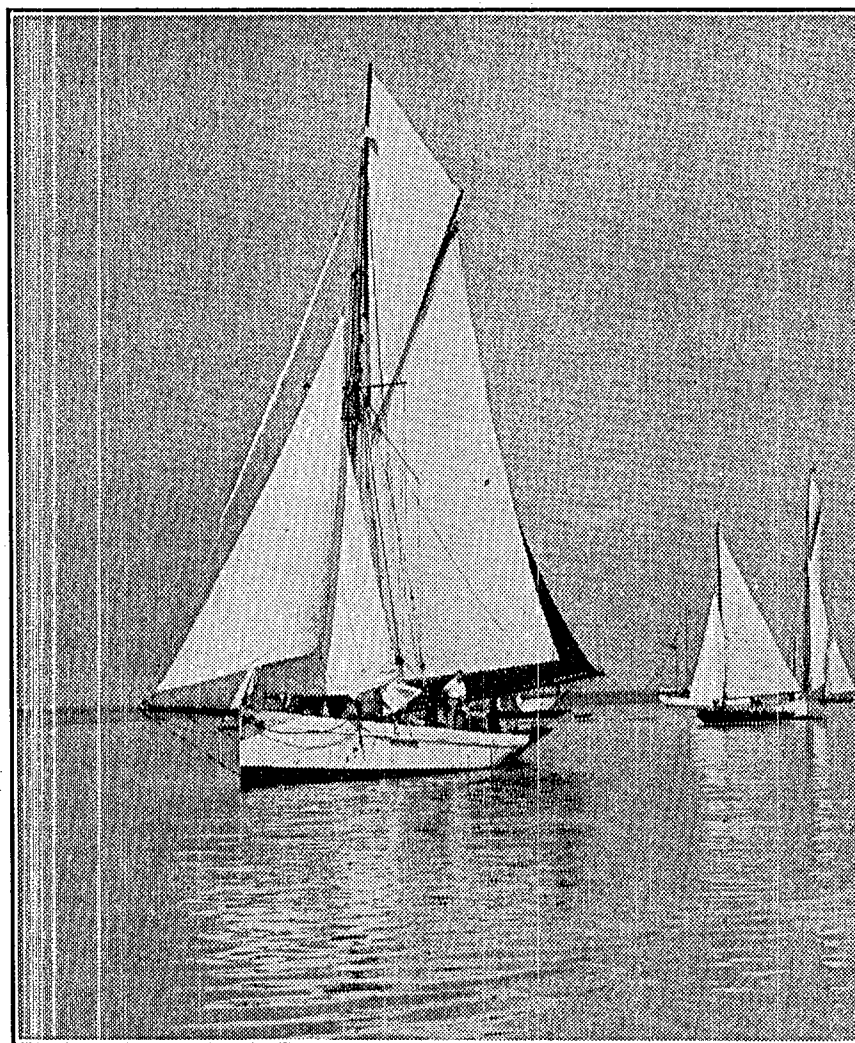
The society was formed in Manchester at a time when people who attempted to form trade unions were persecuted and imprisoned, and even, like the peaceful farm labourers of Tolpuddle, transported as if they were the worst of criminals. Because of this persecution the names of the 14 men who founded the Boilermakers Society were kept secret, and cannot be discovered even now. But they would not mind. From their tiny seed has sprung a strong tree, with broad sheltering branches, the Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders Society.

The 14 members have become 50,000. It is pleasant to know that at the big birthday party was a very old gentleman who has been a member for 70 years.

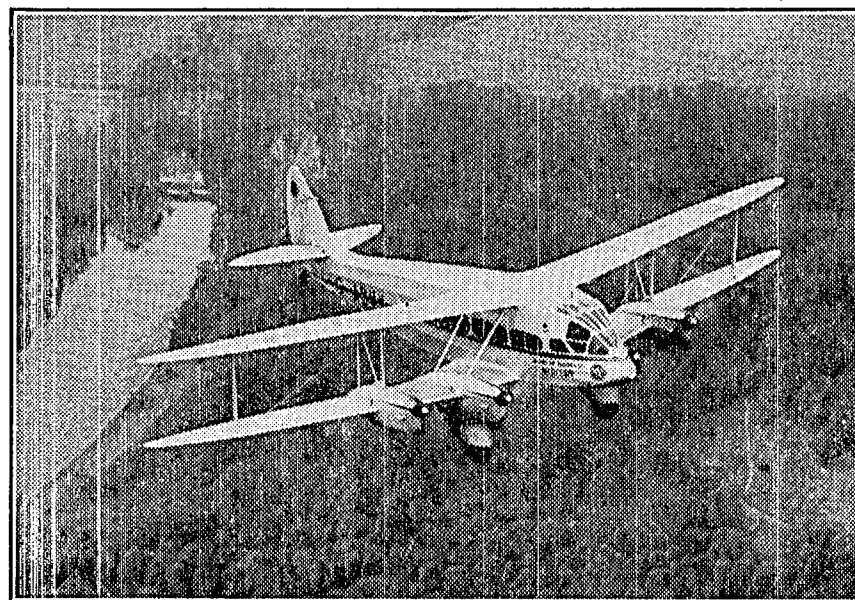
WHITE WINGS



Gulls on the Thames at Putney



Yachts on the River Blackwater at West Mersea



A new four-engined liner for Railway Air Services. It carries ten passengers and has a cruising speed of 145 m.p.h.

LIFE COST OF BUILDING

An Industry Littered With Tragedies

ACCIDENTS THAT SHOULD NOT HAPPEN

The President of the Building Trade Workers Union denounces the serious and growing loss of life in the trade.

There are 56,000 master builders, large and small, and too many of them work with inadequate plant. We have on several occasions called for stricter supervision in the matter. The President puts it that the building industry is littered with tragedies of all kinds, many of which would not happen if proper precautions were taken.

The trade is now responsible for the largest number of fatal industrial accidents. Seventy per cent of them are due to falls of persons and 26 to falls of articles and materials. A third of the deaths are directly due to breakage or defect of plant or scaffolding.

Day by day building men are killed or wounded, a fact which is a reproach not only to the employers but to the public. We feel sure that if the facts were widely known reform would be demanded. The Home Secretary should act.

All tall buildings should be provided with adequate holdfasts to enable repairs and redecoration to be safely done. Those who erect a steel bridge, for example, should provide for it to be safely repainted.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

A Pair of Binoculars

There is something particularly pleasant about the presentation of a pair of inscribed binoculars to Captain W. M. Johnston of Penarth, Wales, as a reward for heroism.

The inscription records two brave rescues, one in 1910 and one in 1920.

In the first case Captain Johnston saved all the crew of the American schooner Edith Hallicott during a gale in the North Atlantic, and in the second case he saved the crew of the Boston schooner Anna G. Lord after standing by for eight hours in an Atlantic gale so bad that no boat could be launched. Only great skill and great courage saved those American lives.

But by the time President Roosevelt heard about it the thing belonged to the past. It was all over and done with.

"Not at all," the President seems to have retorted. "If America did not thank the captain 24 and 14 years ago that is all the more reason why it should be done now," and so the United States Government has presented Captain Johnston with the binoculars, and given a great deal of pleasure by this gracious way of acknowledging the proverb Better late than never.

500 BUNCHES OF GRAPES

Every visitor to Hampton Court goes to see the famous grape vine, and many a mouth has watered at the sight of the black bunches hanging so thickly from its branches.

Some of those who went to the stately palace and through its lovely gardens in the last fortnight of August were able to indulge that wish to eat of the royal vine, for its 500 bunches were sold, as happens every year, for charity.

The vine is 166 years old, and at one time bore as many as 2000 bunches in a year. Now the grapes are thinned out so that their quality is much finer, and the bunches mostly weigh over a pound. The baskets in which the purchasers carried off their grapes were made by the blind men of St Dunstan's.

BARBED WIRE IN HISTORY

HOW IT CHANGED THE FACE OF AMERICA

Waste of Grassland Now an Empire of Homesteads

A RECORD OF SIXTY YEARS

Barbed wire, the barbarous thing so many people would like to see banished, played a great part in shaping America.

In a new book on The Great Plains Professor Walter Prescott Webb says that without barbed wire the great fertile Prairie Plains, now the most valuable agricultural land in the United States, would never have been opened to the homestead farmer.

The vast kingdom of the cattle, with its rough diamonds in long boots and big hats, jingling spurs, and prancing horses, was destroyed by two things. First, the Federal Homestead Law of 1862 granted 160 acres free to any man who would cultivate it for five years; and second, in 1874 the first piece of barbed wire was sold in America. In course of time the wire defeated the ranchers.

When the Settlers Came

Professor Prescott Webb says that when the settlers came to the prairie they were faced with the necessity of protecting their gardens and farms from livestock. Smooth wire contracted in cold weather and expanded in hot weather, and animals found that they could push through it without injury. Eventually Joseph Glidden, a farmer of Illinois, made a commercial success of the barbed wire we know today.

At first the people in the Plains country were sceptical of the new-fangled fence. Many dealers would not have it in their stores. A Texas merchant purchased a carload of this "ferocious-looking fencing." When it arrived, wound unevenly on wooden spools, no one knew how to handle it.

Strike of the Cowboys

The merchant at last secured the services of several venturesome cowboys; but one of the spools got away, jumped the unloading chute, struck a cowboy on the leg, and tore half his boot off. Whereupon they all struck. The wire was finally unloaded, but there were no buyers. To prove the merit of the wire the merchant decided to put a fence on land that he owned on the public road. The event was made a gala day in the community and people came for miles to see the new fence.

Once the merit of barbed wire was proved it spread like wild-fire. Wire was shipped to the West by trainloads. Glidden himself could hardly realise the magnitude of his business. Fence-cutters broke out in Texas, Wyoming, New Mexico, and wherever men began to fence what had hitherto been free grass.

The Texas Rangers were in constant demand to assist in putting down the fence-cutters, whose greatest resentment was stirred by the damage that barbed wire did to their stock.

The Fight For Supremacy

The fence men were inconsiderate not only of the damage to stock but of their fellow-men. They fenced up water holes; they stretched the wire across the roads; sometimes they enclosed vast areas they did not own. There was no law to govern either the fence men or the fence-cutters, and the two factions fought for supremacy. In the end the wire-cutters lost the fight.

Thus, concludes the professor, it was not the railroads, not the Homestead Law, not the encroachment of population, but barbed wire that revolutionised Western life. It changed that vast waste of grass stretching from the prairie to the Californian mountains into an empire of homesteads.

ONE WAY TO GET THE WORLD RIGHT

The Great Declaration of Ten Years Ago

Mr W. H. Vaughan, of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, tells a story about a clergyman who bought a jigsaw puzzle map of the world for his two boys.

They struggled over it for several days and then, with an impish look, asked their father how long he thought it would take him to put it together.

"About half-an-hour," he said rashly.

"We'll give you an hour," the boys volunteered generously, and left him to it. At the end of the hour their father was still struggling, wishing he had never bought the thing.

"Turn your back for ten minutes," the boys requested, coming to his relief, and in a very short time the map was complete on the blotting-pad.

"How did you do it?" said their father, surprised.

The boys turned it over, and on the other side was a picture of a child. "You see, Dad," said the youngest, "get the child right first and the world will come right too."

"How true that is!" said the clergyman, much impressed.

The World's Ideal

Ten years ago this month the Assembly of the League of Nations adopted the Declaration of Geneva, setting forth the world's ideal of what must be done to "get the child right." Could this be faithfully followed everywhere for twenty years the world would indeed be a changed place.

These are the things the League of Nations believes the human race owes its little ones:

1. The means for normal development, both material and spiritual.
2. Food for the hungry, nursing for the sick, help for the backward, reclamation for the wayward, shelter for the orphan and the waif.
3. Speedy relief in time of distress.
4. Training and opportunity to earn a living, and protection from exploitation.
5. A youth saturated with the consciousness that our talents are best used when they are devoted to the service of our fellows.

Were these ideals lived up to in our little island alone, what a green and pleasant island it would be. Some small progress has been made toward their achievement in the ten years since they were framed, but not nearly enough. What will the next decade have to show by way of advance toward the goal?

THE YOUNG ENGINEER And His Annual Show

Model-making is not merely a hobby; it is a valuable technical education and the cradle of many important inventions, says the man who for nearly forty years has guided the steps of model-makers all over the world, and has organised, for the sixteenth time, the annual Model Engineer Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster. It is open from September 6 to 15.

Young and old build models, boys of ten and men of eighty. What do the young people make? Petrol engines, pumps, locomotives, aeroplanes, motor-cars, liners, warships, toyshops, kinemas. They seem to be specially keen now on speedboats, leaving to their elders the building of those fascinating miniature clipper-ships of days gone by.

Very few of the youngsters have expensive tools. In many cases they have no workshop, only a table in the kitchen or a shed in the garden. Scraps and odds-and-ends costing only a few pence are their material; but they work for weeks and months in whatever spare time they have, and some of their work is very beautiful.



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PLEASE mention "The Children's Newspaper" when communicating with advertisers.

THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story

By John Mowbray

What Has Happened Before

The disappearance of two boys from Bodlands is wrapped in mystery.

The affair is hushed up and the boys are forbidden to discuss it. But a good deal of speculation goes on concerning a boy named Liatt, who has been expelled for theft, and certain grim doings at Bodlands before it became a school.

CHAPTER 11

Mrs Verity's Book

GASTALIN reaped no reward for his pains. Instead he received a flash of fury from Channing, who swung round on him and told him to mind his own business. "For we're sick of your spying," barked Channing.

"Oh, are you?" said Gastalin, giving him a long look. "Then all I can say is: you may be sick of something else presently."

"What! I may?" snapped Channing. "Yes. You, Channing. You. I hope you won't run away, Channing. I should hate you to run away."

With which Gastalin slouched along, his hands in his pockets, leaving an uneasy silence behind him. Then one went off by himself, and another, uncomfortably, till only Channing was left. And he stayed stock still, staring in the direction Gastalin had taken.

There was some football on, a game of sorts in lower field. Gastalin watched this awhile, standing by himself to begin with, before moving toward the boys nearest. After staying behind them without movement for a few minutes he passed to the next group, and so on, until he had practically circled the ground. He seemed more interested in the bystanders than in the football.

It was as he was coming away that he overtook Harbour, who was hastening to the House to sort some foreign stamps before roll-call. Gastalin called out. "There's no hurry, Harbour! And where do you think you're off to? Why aren't you playing?"

Harbour frowned as Gastalin's hand clawed his shoulder. But then he remembered that Gastalin had lent him that notepaper, so he answered more graciously than he might have done otherwise. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I'm in rather a hurry because I want to get something done before roll. And I'm not playing footer because I've got a bad knee."

"You don't appear to be limping," Gastalin said.

"It doesn't make me limp. It's only the skin barked. But the Mogger said I must wait until the place heals."

"Oh, did she! Has it struck you as a queer thing, Harbour, that the Matron never watched any of the footer matches last term and that nobody ever sees her about the grounds?"

"You mean Matron? Mother Verity?"

"Yes, Harbour. The Matrons of the other Houses show up. But Mrs Verity never does. What's her idea?"

"You'd better ask her," laughed Harbour.

"No. I'll tell you a secret. There's something peculiar about her. Where did she come from before she came here?"

"As if I could say!"

"I wonder if anyone else could! It's easy to pretend to be what you're not. You've heard of the Clavdyieus?"

"Yes, everyone has."

"Do you think she's really a Clavdyieu in disguise?"

"There aren't any Clavdyieus left now," Harbour retorted.

"You mean there are not supposed to be any left. Who knows for certain?"

There Gastalin waited a moment, studying Harbour.

"I'll tell you a curious thing, if you'll keep it to yourself, Harbour. But mind! You must promise to keep it to yourself."

"Oh, all right," said Harbour.

"Well, the other evening—it was the night of the storm, in fact—I went into the Matron's room without knocking first; I mean," Gastalin amended hastily, "I forgot to knock first."

"Yes," said Harbour, who could have found another word for forgot.

"What do you think Mrs Verity was doing? She was poring over a book—"

"Why shouldn't she?"

"She was so up to her eyes in it that she never heard me come in!"

"You do go about rather silently," Harbour remarked.

"I can't help that. And I couldn't help catching sight of the book. A musty, ancient book. Do you know what it was?"

"How can I?" said Harbour.

"This was the title," Gastalin whipped out a small pocket-diary. "I'll read it to you. Listen—A True Account of the Mysterious Happenings at the Ancient Manor of Bodlands. With Some Statements of Eye-Witnesses and Other Good Evidence."

"Did the Mogger know you were calmly copying the title?"

"No, of course not! One of the sewing maids came to the door and she left the book on the table while she jumped up and went to speak to her. That gave me the chance when her back was turned to copy out the title."

"I see," said Harbour, stiffly. "Well, where did she get it from?"

"The book? Ah, that's the question!" said Gastalin meaningly. "She didn't get it out of our library; that I do know, because I went and examined the catalogue the next morning. A rum sort of book, you must own, Harbour! But this is what I was driving at: she looked frightfully scared when she came back and saw that she had left the book on the table. I tell you there was a frightened look in her eyes. She looked sort of caught out. Now, why should she look so caught out?"

"You may have imagined that!"

"I certainly didn't. It's pretty hard to mistake a guilty expression, Harbour?" Gastalin dropped his lips to Harbour's ear.

"If that book is actually Mrs Verity's property then as likely as not she's a Clavdyieu all the time, some distant Clavdyieu who has sneaked from abroad and is passing herself off here for some hidden purpose."

"That sounds far-fetched?" ventured Harbour.

"It doesn't. There were lots of secrets in the Clavdyieu family, mysterious secrets which had all got to do with this manor. Remember: their land is here still, though it isn't theirs now. And you and I are walking at this very moment where the soles of Clavdyieu feet trod for hundreds of years!"

"You'll make me feel creepy," said Harbour.

JACKO OBEYS INSTRUCTIONS

FOR some little time Monkeyville had been sweltering in a heat wave; it seemed to get hotter every day.

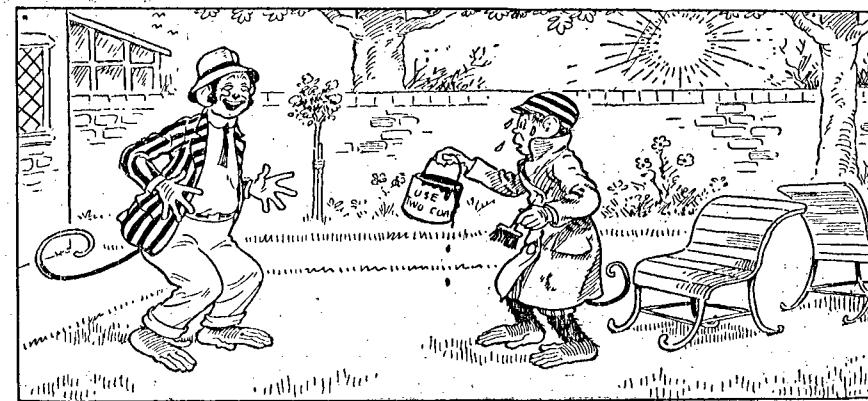
"It'll soon undo all the good of our holiday," wailed Mother Jacko. "I feel downright wilted already."

Mr Jacko felt pretty much the same. He was thankful that there wasn't

Father relished the prospect of peace at last. "That's a good lad," he said amiably. "You'll find a new pot of paint in the shed."

An hour later Mrs Jacko roused from her nap to find the sun fiercer than ever.

"Mercy me!" she exclaimed. "Surely that boy's not working on the lawn



"It says so," said Jacko, holding up the tin

much doing at the office. "I can take it easy for a bit," he said.

Baby was fretful too, and began whimpering because he hadn't got the sea to paddle in.

The only effect the heat had on Jacko was to make him more restless. In and out of the house he stamped; upstairs and downstairs, never settling to anything. At last he got on his mother's nerves.

One particularly hot afternoon he was worse than ever.

"For mercy sake, sit still, or else do something!" snapped Mrs Jacko, whose temper was getting edgy.

"Righto!" answered Jacko. "I'll go and paint the garden chairs. They've not been done this year."

in this heat! Fetch him in, Dad, will you?" she coaxed.

Father Jacko had not gone far when he stood still and stared. A strange sight met his eyes. There, in the scorching sun, was Jacko, working hard, the perspiration streaming down his face. No wonder it did, for on the top of his jacket he wore a heavy overcoat.

"Sakes alive, boy!" shouted Father.

"What on earth are you muffled up for in this heat?"

"Because it says so, of course," retorted Jacko, holding up the tin.

"Look!" he added.

Father Jacko looked, then chuckled, and finally bellowed with laughter.

The label said: *For best results use two coats.*

nomad. He shifted his tents. Occasionally he could be found in his shanty at Bodlands. More generally he was roaming and roving the county, following his trade with his ferrets and dog wherever the rats congregated. He was said to have slain 200 rats in an hour once.

As Harbour passed his shanty now he saw it was empty; the unshuttered window-pane of its one little room looked dingy and dull and the garden plot was overrun with rank grass. He wondered idly where Jephthah was killing rats now, as he hurried on to the call of the stonebreaker's hammer, sounding just round the corner—*rap! rap! peck! peck!* Yes, pecking away at his flint stones, there sat the ancient, with his shoulders bent, and between his straddled legs a little heap of selected stones which one by one he was chipping with his small hammer before tossing them on another heap at his side.

"I suppose," said Harbour, "you go on so long as the light lasts?"

"Aye," the old man answered indifferently, without looking up.

"I'm not disturbing you, am I?"

"Nay, you're not disturbing me."

For a few moments Harbour stood watching in silence, uncertain just how to begin. He had never stopped to chat with Senex before and he was speculating how the others, who talked such a lot about him, had managed to start him off on the subject of Bodlands. "People say you have lived here a long time," he began.

"Aye," said Senex.

This was not encouraging. Harbour tried a new cast. "So I expect you are jolly well up," he said, "in local history?"

"Aye," Senex repeated.

"You know the school. I come from there."

"Aye," said Senex.

"I say: Do you remember the mansion being burned?"

"Well as yesterday," muttered Senex, chipping a flint.

"I wish you'd tell me about it."

The old stonebreaker straightened his back and, having set down his hammer, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, revealing a pair of shrewd eyes, although age had dimmed them, which regarded Harbour in a considering fashion. Then he took his blackened clay pipe from the stone heap beside him, struck a match on a flint, and set its flame to the scrap of tobacco in the pipe's bowl. Inhaling a deep breath of smoke, he kept a short silence while he rested himself by leaning back on his haunches.

"Aye," he uttered at last, "I remember the mansion being burned; well as yesterday I do; an' a rare flare it made. The sky was so bright you could almost a' seen to read by it!"

"Oh, it caught fire in the night?"

"In the dead o' night, surely. And everything was destroyed: paintings worth more than their weight in gold, and marble statues, and all the poor dumb beasts in the stables—nothing was saved. For the great drought was on: there was no bringing enough water to drench the doomed place."

"Sir Miles lost his life in the fire too, didn't he?" Harbour said.

"Aye, the young Sir Miles. His father had been killed in the saddle. This one ran screaming when the fire broke out, but a burning rafter crushed him outside the porch. It broke his back. But they say he raised himself once and shook his fist at the house before his last breath."

"It must have been terrible," said Harbour.

"What started the fire?"

"There was none could tell nor none can tell to this day," replied Senex.

He drew at his pipe, took his hammer up, set it down again. "Aye, better than yesterday I remember it," he insisted.

"Then after the mansion had been gutted, the land was for sale?"

"And for many a year it went begging. Two best had it stayed so."

"And then?" said Harbour eagerly.

"A stranger come down from Lunnun. And word passed round that he'd bought Bodlands. But next it was said that he hadn't, that he were naught but an architect employed by a gentleman living in foreign parts to build a grand new school where the big house had stood. And sure enough you soon see him striding an' measuring with a number of pert young clerks and a maze of fine instruments. And then he go, and after a right longish while come the builders themselves an' they dig away at the foundations of the old mansion and use some of the selfsame stone over again."

"Then bits of our school are actually bits of the Clavdyieus' mansion?"

The old man struck another match for his pipe, and shielded the flame for a moment in his cupped hands. Then he bent his head over his pipe. "That be true," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED

"You have a treat in store"

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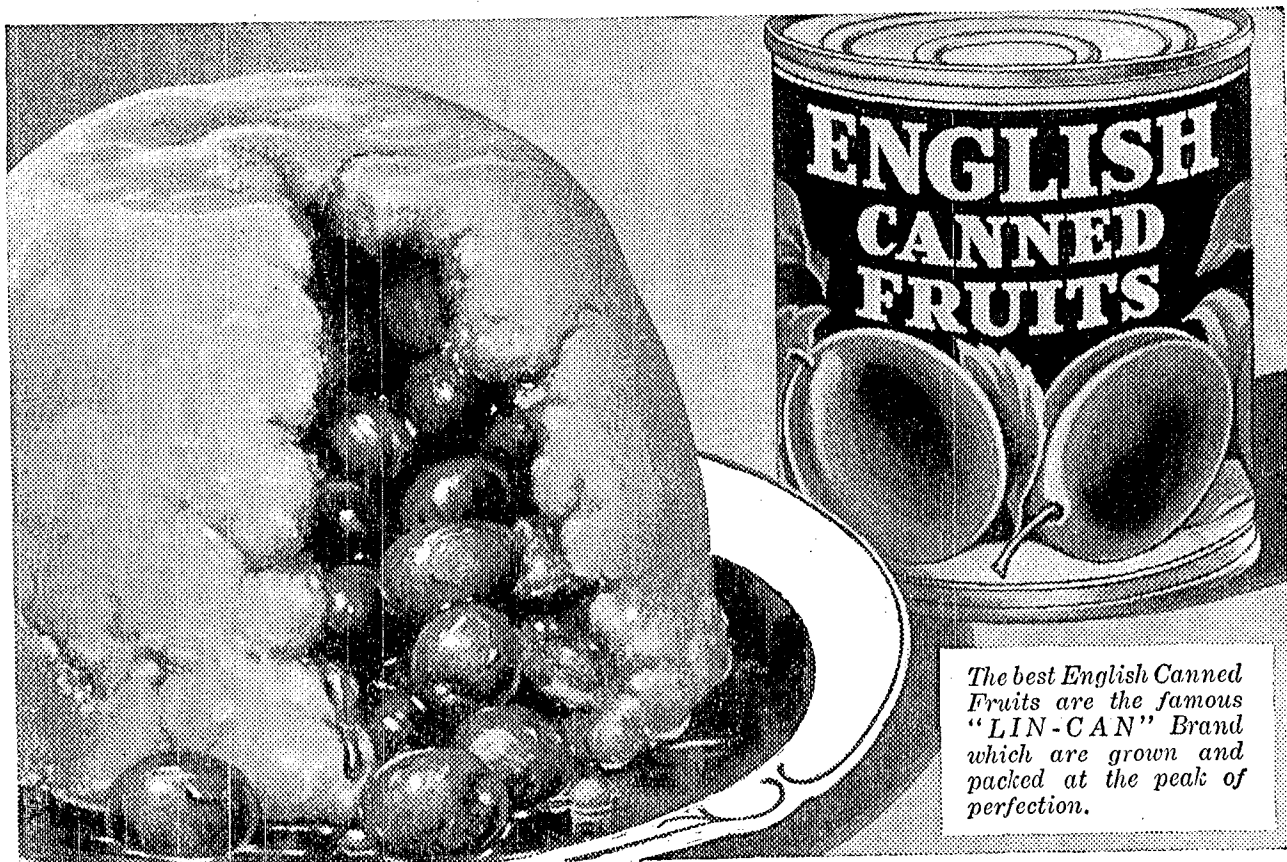
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8 oz. Self-raising Flour, or 8 oz. Plain Flour and 1 teaspoon Baking Powder. 4 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.' Pinch of Salt. Mix ingredients with the flour, add the Shredded 'ATORA,' and mix, do not rub in, add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam 1½ to 2 hours on slow fire or small gas jet.

N.B. When making fruit puddings with canned fruit, use the syrup from the tin in place of sugar for sweetening.

100 tested recipes are given in the 'ATORA' Recipe Book. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Openshaw, Manchester.

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The BOY'S BOOK of POPULAR SCIENCE
by CHARLES RAY

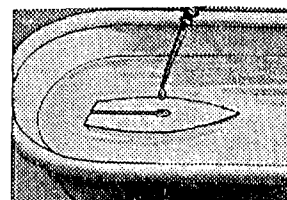
a Marvellous New Book for Boys!

All boys love experiments, and here is the very book for them, by Charles Ray, Editor of the famous "World of Wonder."

THE BOY'S BOOK OF POPULAR SCIENCE contains scores of experiments with ordinary apparatus and materials found in every home. Every experiment is fully illustrated, and among the hundreds of other illustrations are scores of full-page drawings explaining how things work—the piano, the organ, engines of all kinds, boilers, pumps, geysers, talking machines and so on. The very latest marvels of science are fully described and illustrated, and certainly there has never been such a book before to appeal to the boy who loves everything connected with science. With its splendid coloured frontispiece, it is really a marvel of cheapness.



Here is one of the remarkable facts illustrated. The pull of gravitation on the Moon is only one-sixth that of the Earth, and so if a boy were on the Moon he could jump six times as high and run six times as fast as he can on the Earth. He could race an express train at the speed at which it runs on the Earth.



Here, for example, is one of the scores of experiments illustrated. A paper boat is made to move across the water by means of a drop of oil. As the oil tends to spread out on the water it forces the boat forward, and so we really have an oil-driven boat.

The Boy's Book of POPULAR SCIENCE

On Sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers - - - - - 6s NET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 8, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

THE BRAN TUB

A Rearranged Sum

WHAT is the largest amount that can be made by rearranging the figures in the sum £106,752 19s 11½d?

Every space occupied by figures in the original sum must be filled. The figures in the farthings may be separated, but if this is done they must, of course, be replaced by others.

Answer next week

Discipline

AN interesting fifty-year-old book has recently come to light. It is a Discipline Book in which were recorded the offences of messenger boys employed by London dock companies.

One lad was fined for neglecting to have his hair cut; another for drinking the milk intended for the clerk's tea; and a third for rowing about the dock in a boat when he should have been on his rounds.

Floating Rock

AMONG the volcanic rocks in Hawaii National Park are some that float on water, and some that can be heated and held in the hand without injury.

Ici On Parle Français



Une éponge Un écureuil La cuiller
Sponge Squirrel Spoon

L'éponge est un objet de toilette. L'écureuil mangera des noix. La cuiller sert à manger la soupe.

What Am I?

MY first divides, or else unites, Nature's sublime terrific heights: Which through my second, oft repeated, Endure, on their firm basis seated. My whole? you find it in your house, Useful to mistress, maid, or mouse, Or in the street, where kindness guides Your step where poverty abides. Or if a book your leisure share, Whate'er the subject, I am there. Now guess! but, ere you name me, I Between your brain and tongue must lie.

Answer next week

Tons of Food

How much do you eat? A man of 50 with a normal appetite has consumed in his life about 25 tons of food. For a man with a big appetite the amount may be nearer 50 tons.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

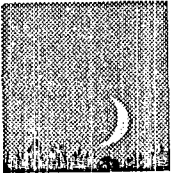
TIM was trying to teach his retriever puppy to find balls and bring them to him; and he spent hours throwing his white indiarubber ball into the hedge and calling, "Find, Whisk, find!"

But Whisk would do nothing but dance round and bark; and, though his nose followed Tim's finger to the very spot where the ball was, he always waited for Tim to pick it up and put it into his mouth! Then he got very excited and flew round the garden with it.

"I'm sure the speckly hen is laying somewhere out of her nest," said Tim's mother one day. "But though I've searched everywhere I can't find her eggs."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South-West, Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on Thursday, September 13.



Hidden Weights and Measures

NINE weights and measures are concealed in the following paragraph:

We left Peckham at a quarter to four and when we reached Stonehenge I looked up into Uncle's face and thought he was looking ill. He announced that he had been staking all on meeting father.

Answer next week

Next Week in the Countryside

HOUSE sparrows are now collecting in large flocks. The great tit has begun to sing again. House flies are swarming in the windows of houses. The vapourer moth is seen. Ivy is in flower. Elderberries and yew berries are ripe.

A Seaweed Weather-Man

AN amusing weather-teller can be made from a piece of the brown seaweed which grows like broad ribbons. Do not rinse it in fresh water or you will take away the salt. With scissors cut out the figure of a little man, three or four inches high, and put him on a

window-ledge in the sun to dry. Cut a slit in a cork into which the feet of the figure may be pushed.

When the weather is going to be fine and dry the little man will be standing up straight. At the coming of a change he begins to bow his head, and when rain is near he will be stooping right down.

What is It?

WHAT is that which no man ever yet did see; Which never was, yet always is to be?

Answer next week

A Queer Find

A WOODCUTTER in New Mexico was sawing through a log when his saw struck metal. Eventually he dug out a horseshoe.

Probably the shoe had been hung on a branch of the tree many years before, and as the tree grew the horseshoe became completely embedded in the wood.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Catching a Train. Four miles.

A Mystery

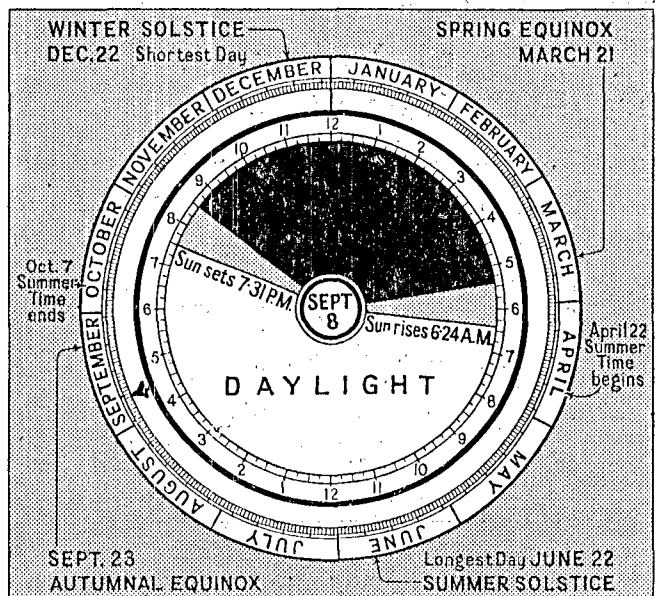
The figure 8—divided horizontally, we get two noughts; divided perpendicularly down the middle, the right-hand half is a figure 3.

Built-Up Word. COOT.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

L	A	N	E	S	O	I	L	S	C	A	R	E
A	N	A	D	E	M	L	O	U	N	C	E	S
P	I	P	M	E	L	L	O	W	S	M	A	T
M	E	W	A	L	O	B	E	B	E	D		
S	A	O	I	L	S	E	R	G	O	V	E	T
A	L	L	O	T	T	O	V	A	D	O	R	E
L	I	D	E	A	A	A	V	E	R	A		
T	I	P	M	I	G	R	A	T	E		E	A

The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 8. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

Gratis

HE was a very clumsy waiter and spilled some soup down a customer's back.

"Have a care, man," protested the diner; "you've spilled about a pint of soup over me."

"That's quite all right, sir," replied the waiter. "There'll be no charge for the extra soup."

Beaten



THE Artist boasted proudly, "There's naught I cannot draw;

My patrons gather round me and ask for more and more. Then, turning to a bottle, to remove the cork he tried; But though he pulled and pulled again, it still remained inside. And then he sadly realised, in spite of all his talk, There was something that he could not draw, he could not draw a cork.

Getting a Living

BILL: Jack has taken up novel-writing as a career.

Bob: Really? Has he sold anything yet?

Bill: Yes; his motor-bike, gold watch and chain, and a few other things.

Just Right

PETER had told the visitor that he was eight.

"You're rather a little chap for your age, aren't you?" remarked the visitor.

"Not at all," was the reply. "Mum says that most chaps my age are overgrown."

He Used His Head

A YOUNG artist was inspecting the works of an older man and was much impressed by the wonderful colouring.

"Marvellous effects, sir," said the young man. "Whatever do you mix your colours with to obtain them?"

"Brains, my boy," was the reply.

WHO FOUND THE EGGS?

"Whisk and I will look for them!" cried Tim.

"Yes, do," said his mother; "perhaps your eyes will be sharper than mine. But I



"Find, Whisk, find!"

don't think Whisk will be much good," she added, smiling.

Tim called the dog, but he was too busy sniffing after

something he had found, so the little boy searched by himself; but he couldn't find the speckly hen's nest.

"What a pity!" said his mother. "I know she's laying somewhere; and I don't think it's very far away."

"I'll have another good look this afternoon," said Tim, and he scampered off, with Whisk at his heels. "Come on, Whisk," he called, "Find, good dog, find!"

Whisk danced round his master for some time and then raced over to the other side of the hedge to explore. Presently he began to bark excitedly and jump about with his tail wagging, just as he did when he wanted Tim to pick up the ball for him.

"What is it?" called Tim; "have you found the hen's eggs, old boy?"

Whisk jumped up at him excitedly and whined with anxiety as Tim pushed his head into the bushes. There, in a dense part of the hedge, Tim saw the speckly hen's nest with eight eggs in it!

Tim burst out laughing, "Did you think they were balls?" he asked Whisk, patting him. "Come on, and let's tell Mummy you've found the eggs!"

And, as Whisk seemed a little disappointed that the eggs were put into a basket instead of into his mouth to carry, Tim played a special game of ball with him as a prize for finding the nest.

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